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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



Fabric Cover by Petrov

MARRIAGE FOR MOTHER

Comedy romance of two young schemers bent on match-making.



SLENDER Marie Dennon, her usually pale face flushed with annoyance, stared unbelievably at the worried young man beside her. "Look here, Don Falston," she said, "don't you love me, after all? Surely you're not trying to tell me that we won't be married this year either?"

"Of course I do. I'm still crazy about you," he said. "but, darling, there's still mother to be considered. As you have no parents you don't understand my problem."

"I understand that other only children marry when they want to even though they have mothers," Marie commented, coldly.

"But not widowed mothers," said

Don, beating a nervous tattoo on the side of his car. "It doesn't seem right for me to leave her yet awhile. Can't you understand, Marie," he went on miserably, "that I'd never want my bride to share my mother's home? It wouldn't be fair to anybody, and somehow I just can't bear the thought of mother living all alone in our big house."

"Couldn't she divide it into flats," argued Marie, just as she had suggested on former occasions when Don had begged her to wait just a little longer, "or couldn't she even let a few rooms to a nice young couple? They'd be great company for her especially if they had a child. Such a friendly and profitable arrangement would brighten your mother's days wonderfully."

"Maybe," Don agreed, slowly, "but what about Brenda? Even one child would worry her terribly and you know how devoted mother is to Brenda!"

Unluckily for Don the mere mention of Brenda in the middle of such a very serious discussion was too much for Marie. She opened the car door with an angry jerk, almost fell out on the footpath, slammed the door hard, and walked off without another word. As a final expression of sheer exasperation she gave the glass swing door of the exclusive guest house where she lived such a push that for several seconds after she had disappeared upstairs it swung uneasily to and fro as though asking for how many more lovers' quarrels it would have to act as a sort of scapegoat.

When he saw the door steady itself at last and fail to give by the slightest shadow the hint that Marie might yet return and treat him less impatiently, Don Falston drove home slowly to the more peaceful and appreciative atmosphere created by the company of his mother and Brenda.

With an outward air of content successfully hiding the inner tumult of his thoughts, he had dinner while he listened to his mother's light chatter about domestic events, talked to Brenda, and snoozed by the fire for the remainder of the evening.

Marie slammed the car door and walked off without another word.

No such comfort, however, was enjoyed by Marie.

Upset and irritated by thoughts about the constant demands of her future mother-in-law and the abominable Brenda she went dinnerless to bed and, depressed by hunger and unhappiness, passed a miserable hour in brooding and weeping.

Once she put on her dressing-gown intending to go to the telephone in the hall, ring Don, and suggest that he put an advertisement in the local paper, stating simply, "Wanted, for the mother of the nicest boy in the world, one husband. A talent for making a tactful stepfather and an understanding father-in-law essential!"

"If Mrs. Falston were married," Marie told herself, "and had a man to look after her again, Don and I would get a chance to live our own lives while we are still young."

"No, I won't do that," she con-

some time Don had been thinking that perhaps it would be a good idea for everybody if his mother married again.

Marie, talking things over in her eager way, was sure that the city teemed with bachelors and widowers who, weary of boarding-houses, cafe meals, and a general lack of home comforts, would like to court Mrs. Falston, if only they knew about her, but she trouble was how to find them. And, having done this, how to bring the middle-aged couple together.

As Marie was much keener on finding a father-in-law than Don was on securing a stepfather, it was only natural that she unearthed the first experiment, a dapper Mr. Douter, who only a week earlier had arrived at her boarding-house and was now sitting at her table. With her flair for making men talk about themselves she soon learned that he

was unmarried, fifty-seven, in a good position, rather lonely, and so short of petrol that it was going to be difficult for him to get to any links for his week-end golf.

Marie immediately suggested that her friend, Don Falston, would be delighted to give him a lift at any time, and once they became friendly it was quite a simple matter for Don, who was noted for his habit of bringing cronies home for meals, to invite the stranger to dinner.

Marie, triumphant, was present at the Falston home that night too, and rejoiced when she saw the contentment on Mr. Douter's plump, pink features when, after an excellent meal, he settled down for a smoke and a chat by the fire. Marie was exultant, for she felt sure that it was only a matter of time before Mr. Douter, realising what a culinary treasure Don's attractive mother was, would insist upon leading her to the altar.

It helped her plans considerably when Marie discovered that for



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PEARS' ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT SOAP

A. & F. PEAR'S

Pa. 10.27

By P. RADWON

tinued. "I'm a doormat, a soft, spineless fool. If I had any character I'd ring Don up at once and tell him that he isn't a man yet, only a calf who can't do a thing without first consulting his mother."

But before she reached the telephone she changed her mind, because hadn't she heard someone say once that messages sent in moments of anger were always regretted afterwards?

So back to bed she went.

Next morning she realised that perhaps she had been both childish and hasty to have acted as she did towards Don.

So she decided that when she met Don again she would refer neither to Brenda nor her own disappointment, but would calmly propose that she and he both begin to try to find a suitable husband for Mrs. Falston.

It helped her plans considerably when Marie discovered that for

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The Many-Headed Monster

Another story in
the Poirot series

Detective Grey unwrapped the handkerchief, revealing an enamel compact.



DR. CHARLES OLD-FIELD was a man of perhaps forty. He had a worried expression, and he seemed to find difficulty in coming to the point.

He said, stammering slightly: "I've come to you, Monsieur Poirot, with rather an odd request. And now that I'm here I'm inclined to funk the whole thing. I see now it's the sort of thing that no one can possibly do anything about."

Hercule Poirot murmured, "As to that, you must let me judge. Tell me your problem."

"You see, it isn't any good going to the police. They can't do anything. And yet—every day it's getting worse and worse."

"What is getting worse?"
"The rumors. . . Oh, it's quite simple, Monsieur Poirot. Just a little over a year ago my wife died. She had been an invalid for some years. They are saying, everyone is saying, that I killed her—that I poisoned her."

"Aha," said Poirot. "And did you poison her?"

"Monsieur Poirot!" Dr. Oldfield sprang to his feet.
"Calm yourself," said Hercule Poirot. "And sit down again. But your practice, I imagine, is situated in a country district—"

"Yes, Market Loughborough, in Berkshire." He drew his chair a little forward.

"Monsieur Poirot, you have no idea what I have gone through. At first I had no inkling of what was going on. I did notice that people seemed less friendly—that there was a tendency to avoid me; but I put it down to—the fact of my recent bereavement. Then it became more marked. In the street, even, people

will cross the road to avoid speaking to me. My practice is falling off."

He paused, then went on:
"There's nothing I can do—nothing! I came to you, as a last resort, but I don't suppose for a minute that there is anything you can do either."

"I am not so sure. Your problem interests me, Dr. Oldfield. I should like to try my hand at destroying the many-headed monster. What was the cause of your wife's death?"

"Gastric ulcer."

"Was there an autopsy?"

"No. She had been suffering from gastric trouble for a long time."

Poirot nodded. "And the symptoms of gastric inflammation and of arsenical poisoning are closely alike—a fact which everybody knows nowadays. Was your wife older or younger than yourself?"

"She was five years older."

"How long were you married?"

"Fifteen years."

"Did she leave any property?"

"About thirty thousand pounds."

"A very useful fortune. It was left to you?"

"Yes."

"Were you and your wife on good terms?"

"Certainly."

"No quarrels? No scenes?"

"Well—" Charles Oldfield hesitated. "My wife was what might be termed a difficult woman. She was an invalid, and very concerned over her health, and inclined therefore to be fretful and difficult to please. There were days when nothing I could do was right."

Poirot nodded. "Ah yes, I know the type. She would complain, possibly, that she was neglected, unappreciated—that her husband was tired of her and would be glad when she was dead."

Oldfield's face registered the truth

of Poirot's surmise. "Did she have a nurse to attend on her? Or a companion?"

"A nurse-companion. A very sensible and competent woman. I really don't think she would gossip."

"Sensible and competent, yes—but even the sensible and the competent have tongues—and they do not always employ them wisely. I have no doubt that the nurse-companion talked, that the servant talked, that everyone talked. You have all the materials there for the starting of a very enjoyable village scandal. Now I will ask you one thing more. Who is the lady?"

"I don't understand," Dr. Oldfield flushed angrily.

"I think you do," Poirot said gently. "I am asking you who the lady is with whom your name has been coupled."

Dr. Oldfield rose to his feet. His face was stiff and cold. He said: "There is no 'lady in the case.' I'm sorry, Monsieur Poirot, to have taken up so much of your time."

He went towards the door.

Almost reluctantly, Oldfield came back and resumed his seat. He said, coloring up to the eyebrows: "I suppose it's possible that they've been saying things about Miss Moncrieffe, my dispenser."

"How long has she worked for you?"

"For three years."

"Did your wife like her?"

"Er—well, no, not exactly."

"She was jealous?"

"Nonsense," said Dr. Oldfield, robustly. "I've never said anything to Jean Moncrieffe that my wife couldn't have overheard."

Hercule Poirot leaned forward. His voice was urgent, compelling. "Dr. Oldfield, I am going to do my utmost in this case. But I must have from you the most absolute frankness without regard to conventional appearances or to your own feelings. It is true—is it not?—that you ceased to care for your wife some time before she died?"

Oldfield was silent for a minute or two. Then he said: "This business is killing me. I must have hope. Somehow or other I feel that

you will be able to do something for me. I will be honest with you, Monsieur Poirot. I did not care for my wife. I made her, I think, a good husband, but I was never deeply in love with her."

"And this girl, Jean?"

"I—I should have asked her to marry me if it weren't for all this scandal and talk."

"Now at last," Poirot said, "we have come to the true facts. Very well, my friend. I will take up your case. But remember this—it is the truth that I shall seek out."

Oldfield said bitterly, "It isn't the truth that's going to hurt me!" He looked at Poirot. "Tell me, honestly, is there any way out of this nightmare?"

"That we shall see," said Poirot.

On their arrival at Market Loughborough, Hercule Poirot did not put

up at Dr. Oldfield's house. He went instead to the local inn. The morning after his arrival he had his first interview with Jean Moncrieffe. She said: "So Dr. Oldfield

did go to you. . . I knew he was thinking about it."

"And you did not approve?" said Poirot. Her eyes met his. She said coldly: "What can you do?"

"There might be a way of tackling the situation," Poirot said quietly.

"What way?" She threw the words at him scornfully. "Do you mean to go round to all the whispering old women and say, 'Really, please, you must stop talking like this. It's so bad for poor Dr. Oldfield.' And they'd answer you and say, 'Of course, I have never believed the story! That's the worst of the whole thing—they don't say, 'My dear, has it ever occurred to you that perhaps Mrs. Oldfield's death wasn't quite what it seemed?'"

"No, they say, 'My dear, of course I don't believe that story about Dr. Oldfield and his wife. I'm sure he wouldn't do such a thing, though it's true that he did neglect her just a little perhaps and I don't think, really, it was quite wise to have such a young girl as a dispenser—of course I'm not saying for a minute that there was anything wrong between them. Oh no, I'm sure it was quite all right. . .'"

She stopped. Her face was flushed and her breath came rather fast.

Hercule Poirot said: "You seem to know very well just what is being said."

"I know all right," she said bitterly.

"And what is your own solution?"

"The best thing for him to do is to sell his practice and start again somewhere else."

"Don't you think the story might follow him?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "He must risk that."

"Do you want to marry Charles Oldfield?" Poirot asked.

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By AGATHA CHRISTIE

Hercule Poirot said: "I regret it also. Your case interests me. I would like to have helped you. But I cannot do anything unless I am told the whole truth."

Dr. Oldfield stopped. He wheeled round.

"Why do you insist that there is a woman concerned in this?"

"My dear doctor! Do you not think I know the female mentality? The village gossip. It is based always on the relations of the sexes. If a man poisons his wife in order to travel to the North Pole or to enjoy the peace of a bachelor existence—it would not interest his fellow villagers for a minute!"

"It is because they are convinced that the murder has been committed in order that the man may marry another woman that the talk grows and spreads. That is elementary psychology."

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The Many-Headed Monster

Continued from page 3

THE girl answered coolly enough: "Yes, I do. I wanted to almost as soon as I met him."

"Then his wife's death was very convenient for you?"

"Mrs. Oldfield was a singularly unpleasant woman. Frankly, I was delighted when she died."

"Drastic means are required here. I suggest that somebody might write to the Home Office."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean that the best way of disposing of this story once and for all is to get the body exhumed and an autopsy performed."

She took a step back from him. Her lips opened, then shut again. Poirot watched her.

"Well, mademoiselle?" he said. Jean Moncrieffe said quietly: "I don't agree with you."

"But why not? Surely a verdict of death from natural causes would silence all tongues."

"If you got that verdict, yes."

"Do you know what you are suggesting, mademoiselle?"

Jean Moncrieffe said impatiently: "I know what I'm talking about. You're thinking of arsenic poisoning—that's the commonly accepted idea. But there are other poisons—the vegetable alkaloids. After a year, I doubt if you'd find any traces of them even if they had been used. And I know what these official analyst people are like. They might return a noncommittal verdict saying that there was nothing to show what caused death—and then the tongues would wag faster than ever."

Poirot was silent for a minute or two, then he said: "Who in your opinion is the most inveterate talker in the village?"

The girl considered. She said at last: "I really think old Miss Leatheran is the worst."

"Ah! Would it be possible for you to introduce me to Miss Leatheran—in a casual manner?"

"Nothing would be easier. All the old tabbies are prowling about doing their shopping at this time of the morning. We've only got to walk down the main street."

As Jean had said, there was no difficulty about the procedure. Outside the post office, Jean stopped and spoke to a middle-aged woman with a long nose and sharp inquisitive eyes.

"Good morning, Miss Leatheran."

"Good morning, Jean. Such a lovely day, is it not?"

The sharp eyes ranged inquisitively over Jean Moncrieffe's companion. Jean said: "Let me introduce Monsieur Poirot, who is staying down here for a few days."

Nibbling delicately at a scone and balancing a cup of tea on his knee, Hercule Poirot allowed himself to become confidential with his hostess. Miss Leatheran had been kind enough to ask him to tea, and had thereupon made it her business to find out exactly what this foreigner was doing in their midst.

For some minutes he parried her thrusts with dexterity—thereby whetting her appetite. Then, when he judged the moment ripe, he leant forward: "Ah, Miss Leatheran," he said, "I can see that you are too clever for me. It has occurred to you that I am down here at the request of the Home Office. But please keep this to yourself."

"Of course—of course!" Miss Leatheran fluttered—thrilled to the core. "The Home Office—you don't mean—not poor Mrs. Oldfield?"

Poirot nodded his head slowly.

"It is a delicate matter, you understand," he said. "I have been ordered to report whether there is a sufficient cause for exhumation."

"How terrible!"

"What is your own opinion, Miss Leatheran?"

"Well, of course, Monsieur Poirot, there has been a lot of talk. But I never listen to talk. Of course there is no doubt that Dr. Oldfield has been very odd in his manner ever since it happened, but as I have said repeatedly we surely need not put that down to a guilty conscience. It might be just grief. Not, of course, that he and his wife were

on really affectionate terms. That I do know—on first-hand authority. "Nurse Harrison has admitted that much. And I have always felt that Nurse Harrison had her suspicions." "Where is Nurse Harrison now?" "She looks after old Miss Bristow—down at the end of the village. You can't miss it. It's got pillars and a porch."

A short time afterwards Poirot found himself sitting opposite the woman who was most likely to help him and who certainly must know more about the circumstances than had given rise to the rumors than anyone else.

Nurse Harrison was a still hand-

some woman nearing forty. She listened to him patiently and attentively. Then she said slowly: "Yes, I know that there are these unpleasant stories going about. I have done what I could to stop them, but it's hopeless."

"But there must have been something to give rise to these rumors?" Poirot suggested.

He noted that her expression of distress deepened. But she merely shook her head perplexedly.

"Perhaps," Poirot suggested, "Dr. Oldfield and his wife did not get on well together, and it was that that started the rumor?"

Nurse Harrison shook her head decidedly.

"He was really fond of her?"

She hesitated. "No—I would not quite say that. Mrs. Oldfield was a very difficult woman, not easy to please, and making constant demands for sympathy and attention which were not always justified."

"You mean," said Poirot, "that she exaggerated her condition?"

The nurse nodded. "Yes—her bad health was largely a matter of her own imagination."

"And yet," said Poirot gravely, "she died."

"Oh, I know—I know."

He watched her for a minute or two, her troubled perplexity—her palpable uncertainty.

He said: "I think—I am sure—that you do know what first gave rise to all these stories."

Nurse Harrison flushed. "Well—I could, perhaps, make a guess. I believe it was the maid, Beatrice, who started all these rumors, and I think I know what put it into her head. It was something I happened to overhear—a scrap of conversation between Dr. Oldfield and Miss Moncrieffe, and I'm pretty certain Beatrice overheard it, too."

"What was this conversation?"

"It was about three weeks before the last attack that killed Mrs. Oldfield. They were in the dining-room. I was coming down the stairs when I heard Jean Moncrieffe say, 'How much longer will it be? I can't bear to wait much longer.' And the doctor answered her, 'Not much longer, now, darling. I swear it.'"

"She said again, 'I can't bear this waiting. You do think it will be all right, don't you?' And he said, 'Of course. Nothing can go wrong. This time next year we'll be married.'"

She paused.

"That was the very first inkling I'd had, Monsieur Poirot, that there was anything between the doctor and Miss Moncrieffe. I went back up the stairs again, but I did notice that the kitchen door was open, and that Beatrice must have been listening. And you can see, can't you, that the way they were talking could be taken two ways."

Poirot looked at her searchingly.

"Nurse Harrison," he asked, "is there something more that you know? Something that you haven't told me?"

She flushed and said violently: "Certainly not. What could there be?"

"It is possible," said Poirot, "that the Home Office may order an exhumation of Mrs. Oldfield's body!"

"Oh, no!" Nurse Harrison was horrified. "What a horrible thing!"

"You think it would be a pity?"

"I think it would be terrible for poor Dr. Oldfield."

"You don't think that it would really be a good thing for him?"

"How do you mean?"

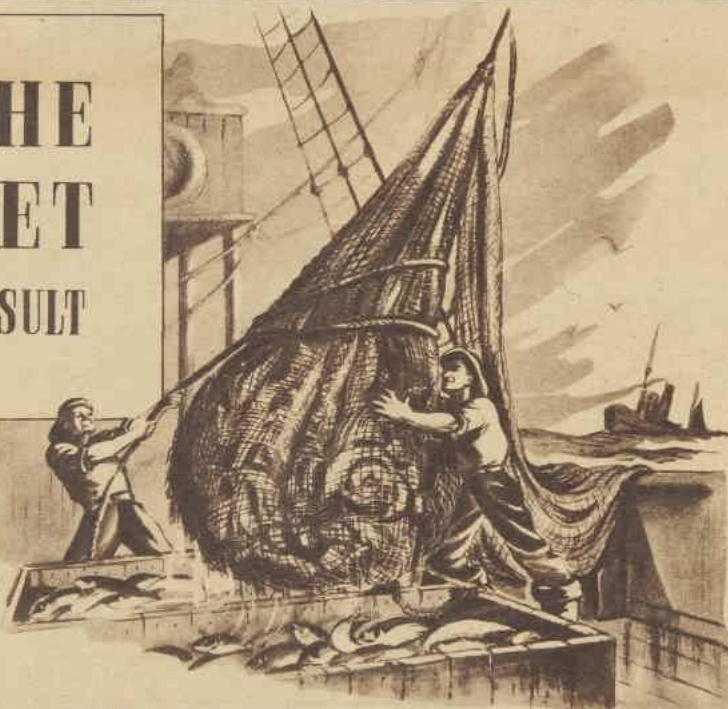
"If he is innocent."

Poirot broke off. He watched the thought take root in Nurse Harrison's mind, and then saw her brow clear.



"It's from the mayor's office. They want me to lay a foundation-stone."

THE NET RESULT



WHEN war burst upon Western Europe, trawlers of the British fishing fleets were hastily requisitioned for naval action in mine-laying and mine-sweeping. No longer could they be spared for the peace-time pursuits. Keeping our shipping lanes open was a full time job. In Australia, imported fish liver oil became scarce. Reserve stocks were rapidly being depleted. But war output depends on fitness and fitness on nutrition and nutrition depends on vitamins. So the authorities entrusted with the care of national health sought the aid of Australian Fish Derivatives Pty. Ltd. in creating and organising a new industry to locally produce and supply from Australian fish livers this essential dietetic element.

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W. G. HEARNE & CO. LTD., GEELONG



Please turn to page 8



"I can give a blow-by-blow broadcast of your fight!" Nancy told Ulysses eagerly.

THE INCREDIBLE JEEP

ULYSSES TECUMSEH CLAP, a draftee generally known as "Beanpole," overcomes the first rude jolts of army discipline at Camp Lincoln, making friends in the process with HARVE STONE, and an enemy of the bully, "BROKEN-NOSE." He is then confronted by a major crisis.

To the fury of GENERAL SHELTON, Fifth Columnist pamphlets have been circulated in the camp, and, returning from a job at the General's quarters, Ulysses finds some of these in his own trunk. Fearing their discovery he takes them with him to the General's rooms next day, and impulsively decides to hide them in the filing-cabinet he is mending.

He is interrupted by NANCY SHELTON, the General's niece, with BUSTER, the General's young son, but he persuades them to go away. Then he overhears the General ordering a search for the pamphlets in all quarters, beginning with the officers'.

Now read on—

ULYSSES TECUMSEH was moping on his bed when Harve Stone came back from his day of drilling and instruction. The room gradually filled with tired draftees. Broken-nose threw himself down on his bed, and that studious-looking young man named Stevens took his shoes off and commenced kneading his toes.

"Had a good day?" asked Harve. Ulysses Tecumseh could not reply; he only looked at his friend mutely.

"Good day!" snarled Broken-nose. "Suckin' around generals. How wouldn't he have a good day? Teacher's pet!"

Stevens looked up from his willing feet. "Anybody that doesn't

Startling sensation for the General and dire calamity for Ulysses! . . . Continuing our delightful serial.

do the best he can for himself is a fool," he said. "I wouldn't mind being detailed to something that keeps me off my dogs."

"I thought, Stevens, you were against special privileges," said Harve.

"Right now I'm against sore feet—and how," said Stevens.

Harve frowned as he scrutinised Ulysses Tecumseh. He guessed that his friend's dolorous appearance was due to homesickness. "Hey, Beanpole," he said, "let's get passes and go to town to see the sights."

"I don't want to go anywhere," said Ulysses Tecumseh lugubriously. "You've been wanting to buy some gadgets," said Harve. "Come on along."

Lethargically Ulysses Tecumseh obeyed. It was easier than arguing. The pair went downstairs and to the company headquarters, where passes were obtained, and then they trudged down the road towards town.

"Now, about this invention," said Harve, with the general idea of arousing Ulysses Tecumseh and getting his mind off his troubles.

"Invention! That seemed long ago, before his life had crumbled in ruin. But Harve kept at it persistently, until at last Ulysses commenced to talk.

"Look," he said to Harve as they slogged along in the cool night air; "there's too many speed cops. I mean, it's a waste of manpower to have a lot of fellows scooting around on motorcycles when they could be catching burglars or something. It is more important to catch a burglar than a speeder."

"This invention of yours is going to do away with speed cops?"

"It will be a sort of automatic speed cop," explained Ulysses Tecumseh. "It will photograph speeders so you can see the licence numbers, and then all you have to do is mail them a bill for their fine. It would be a saver of manpower and a saver of time, because violators would not have to go to court."

"But you have to have witnesses and convict a man before you can fine him."

"My invention," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "will record exactly the speed a car is making and then take a picture of it in the act."

"But you'll have to have men with cameras."

"That's just the point. I won't have to have any men. It will all be automatic. Now, look. The master machine will be in the police station. It will pick out a car going faster than the legal speed and not bother with slow ones. On one of those things like a seismograph record it will follow the car along just like you were a cop on a motor cycle, and just as the car reaches a given spot it will set off the camera."

"Sounds very complicated," said Harve.

"Not the way I got it figured out," Ulysses Tecumseh said confidently. "All worked by radio."

They went to an electrical shop and made purchases; then to a radio shop, where Ulysses Tecumseh

haggled. His pockets did not bulge with money and what he had must go a long way.

"Listen, Beanpole," said Harve. "You got me interested in this gadget of yours. You furnish the grey matter and I'll put up some lettuce." He hesitated in rather an odd way. "You see, I have a little wad I'm not going to need. When a man's inventing he needs the best he can get."

"You mean a kind of partnership? Well, now, Harve, I'd like to have you for a partner, but the kind of things I invent don't seem to make money."

"This one," Harve said mendaciously. "Listens to me like a big money-maker."

"Honest, Harve, does it sound as good as that? Honest?"

"It's a world-beater, or I'm a Chinaman," Harve said, with every evidence of sincerity.

So it was that, instead of scripping, buying the cheapest, and very little of that, Harve urged Ulysses Tecumseh to expenditures he had not dreamed of, even to a camera with a telescopic lens which was negotiated for by Harve and whose

get to know him. How's for a chocolate ice-cream soda?"

"I would like that," Ulysses said. "Drink to the new partnership."

They went inside, and Ulysses Tecumseh rather shrank as he saw standing at the cigar counter Broken-nose, with two civilians of a class with which Ulysses Tecumseh had had no acquaintance. They were individuals with broad shoulders and low brows. Broken-nose scowled at Ulysses Tecumseh; then he grinned in a yellow-toothed sort of way that was not reassuring.

"Evening, Beanpole," he said. "Coin to lap up a bowl of pap, eh? About your speed. Ice-cream soda!" He shook his head and turned to his friends. "Drinkin' hogwash when there's hooch to be had."

"I do not like the taste of whisky," Ulysses Tecumseh explained politely, "and I am very fond of chocolate ice-cream soda."

"Order it in a nursin' bottle," advised Broken-nose. "Drink hearty. The boys 'n' me 'll be seein' you outside."

Harve and Ulysses Tecumseh took stools at the counter. "Now," asked Ulysses Tecumseh, "what do you suppose he meant by that? I do not want to see him. I do not want to see him outside or in any other place. I do not like him."

"He doesn't seem to like you," said Harve, "and I guess we're going to see them outside whether we want to or not."

"Maybe," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "he wants to ride back to camp with us. We could not very well refuse, could we?"

"No," said Harve; "we're going to get an invitation we won't be able to refuse. Drink your soda, Beanpole, and enjoy life while the enjoying is good. Every silver cloud has an asbestos lining. I wonder what a pair of gorillas like those are hanging around the edge of camp for."

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By C. B. KELLAND

cost was kept a secret by him. It did not occur to Ulysses Tecumseh to wonder how it happened that a jeep with a salary of 21 dollars a month should be so affluent.

Harve even insisted upon hiring a taxicab to transport them and their purchases back to camp. They put their packages in the car, which was standing in front of a drug store.

"There goes Stevens," Ulysses said. "Must have got a pass, too. Funny-looking feller himself." Ulysses Tecumseh said. "He's kind of gentle like, you might say."

"Yeah," agreed Harve. "You don't

WELCOME STRANGER



The Countess looked up. The plane was already no more than a blur in the sky.

One morning the countess was helping Louis to tie up the tomato plants when Suzanne trotted into the garden. "Excuse me, madame," she said, breathing hard. "There are two soldiers—Germans—at the door. They wish to speak to you."

The countess stripped off the torn kid gloves she wore to protect her hands, and pushed back her hair.

"I should like you to wait in the room with me while I speak to them, Suzanne."

"Yes, madame."

The two men were standing quietly in the sunlight from the open door. They were very young officers.

They clicked their heels and saluted.

"Yes?" the countess said coldly.

"You are the lady of this house?" the taller one asked.

"I am the Countess de Rouain."

"I am Captain Buchner, and this is Lieutenant von Gaben, of the German Air Force. We are sorry to disturb you. We have been sent to stay for a few days at your chateau."

He spoke French slowly, painfully, and badly.

"There must be some mistake," the countess replied. "You are not in occupied France. This is French territory, and you cannot enter a French home."

"My instructions are these," the boy said. "The army command wishes us quartered here. If it is necessary, they will request that the occupied zone be extended to include this village and chateau. They hope it will not be necessary."

"That is a most extraordinary statement," the countess answered. "His French had been so difficult that she asked: 'Do you speak English?'"

"English? Nein—non, madame."

"Perhaps you speak German," suggested the shorter one eagerly, talking for the first time.

"I prefer the civilised lan-

guages," the countess answered, "and the civilised peoples."

He reddened and was silent. The other continued stiffly, "We shall stay here no longer than the military situation requires—not more than a week or so."

"You have no right to stay here at all," the countess said. She turned her back on them and walked into the living-room. After all, they had the power. If she said no, they could compel a shift of the line which would put the whole village under German control. It would be better to have just the two of them in the chateau.

When she turned she was outwardly calm, but her hands were clenched.

"If you stay here, will the rest of the village be left alone?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I accept." The officer began to say, "Thank you," but she cut him short. "Do you wish for meals?"

"Breakfast and supper, but not lunch. Of course, we will pay; we are authorised to pay twenty francs a day for the two. And we will take care of our own room."

"You may pay the money to the maid."

The German said, "Permit me to ask what other people there are here?"

"Besides myself and Suzanne, there is only Louis, the gardener."

"Kindly send for him." At a sign from the countess, Suzanne went out and came back with Louis, who kept

his eyes obstinately on the cap in his hands.

The officer spoke as authoritatively as his youth and poor French would permit. "I wish to give two instructions," he said. "First, our presence is not to be reported without permission from us. Second, no one is to enter the large field on the north side where our aeroplane is."

"Is that all?" asked the countess. "That is all, thank you." "Then, Suzanne, you may show these gentlemen to the west room." The two officers again said, "Thank you." Their heels clicked and they bowed, but the countess turned her back and walked out into the garden.

The countess came down; they returned after dark and went straight to their room, where they stayed all the evening. Apparently they did not use the aeroplane often. They used a lightweight motor bicycle, probably collapsible—a typical German device. Occasionally she met them in the hall on their return; they would halt, bring their heels together, and bow, with a quick smile.

They were "correct," the countess thought bitterly. That was the word which all France was using—at first with contempt, then with indifference, and finally with—what? That was the danger. This correctness was as subtle as a snake, poisoning the French mind.

Suzanne had to go to the village on her bicycle for some groceries. She returned to report certain new restrictions announced by the Vichy government. There would probably be no coal this winter; electricity must not be used after nine p.m., except for essential purposes.

"How much coal have we in the cellar?" the countess asked Louis.

"Not more than half a ton, madame. I shall begin to chop wood to-morrow."

"We must get someone from the village to help you."

The countess was tired that night and had a headache. Instead of dinner, she had soup and toast on a tray by the living-room fire. She heard Suzanne cross the landing

upstairs to get the trays from the officers' room. Apparently she stayed there several minutes; the countess heard her laugh. If Suzanne had been young, with a girl's easily-moved heart, the countess would perhaps have understood this laughter as a thoughtless, if coquettish, tribute. But Suzanne belonged to the rocklike, long-remembering women of France who knew that the enemy had worn the same face for seventy years—in 1870, 1914, and 1940—and who would not be—who must not be—deceived by that face now.

When Suzanne came for the tray, the countess said, "Were you talking to the Germans just now, Suzanne?"

"Yes, madame."

"I thought I heard you laugh. Do you find them amusing?"

"They have been studying

French," Suzanne replied with a broad smile. "They are already speaking better, but they sometimes say such extraordinary things. They asked me—"

The countess interrupted her. "Since they are Germans"—again the countess accented the word—"I would advise you not to have much conversation with them."

"No, madame," answered Suzanne, sobering.

In the morning her headache was worse, and she had a slight temperature. "I shall have to stay in bed," she told Suzanne indignantly. "It is annoying."

"It is best to rest," said Suzanne.

"The water from the taps runs slowly this morning," the countess remarked.

"The water pump has broken," Suzanne explained sadly. She had hoped to postpone that information. "The tank is nearly empty. Louis is working on the pump, but he has no head for machines."

"Well, we must have water," the countess declared. "Louis had better go to the village—to the priest. He will have some suggestion." She settled back into the cushions. "And perhaps Louis can get my wireless mended. It is not working."

She could hear the whine of a motor from the other side of the house; it rose and fell—perhaps it was an aeroplane? She was going to ask Suzanne, but she drifted off to sleep. When she woke she felt a little better, and the wireless was at her bedside. She could listen to the British broadcasts.

When Suzanne brought her a cup of bouillon in the late morning, she said, "Please thank Louis for getting my wireless mended."

"The water pump is mended, too."

"Good! Did he get the wood-chopper?"

"Yes, he has someone to help him. But for the rest of the day we are preserving the tomatoes."

She relaxed, pleased that the household was in working order again.

After dark, she heard the German airmen come in. There was a murmur of voices in the kitchen, and they went upstairs.

Suzanne, bringing her supper, remarked:

"The officers asked me to tell you they are sorry you are not feeling well, madame. They send you their wishes for a prompt recovery."

"Thank you," the countess said.

"They asked if the wireless worked all right."

"Yes. It works very well. You told them it was broken?"

"I mentioned that this morning at breakfast, and they said they could mend it. So I took it to them."

"Oh, they mended it?" the

By BURNHAM CARTER

JANTRY
THE chateau of the Countess Renée de Rouain is in Western France, some fifty miles from the coast. In the days before the surrender of France, this appeared to be as safe a place as any in the country, even for a woman who lived alone.

Then the Belgians surrendered and the French lines broke all the way from Sedan to the Channel, and a nephew on his way north in a staff car stopped at the chateau to urge her to join her daughter at Marseilles. But she would not leave. Then the news came that France had surrendered.

There were two servants at the chateau—Louis, the gardener, Suzanne, the cook, both old, but sturdy.

The chateau was in the unoccupied area; the boundary of German-occupied France lay a few miles to the north.

Most of the time this border was closed tightly, but occasionally someone came through.

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countess said. She had a flash of recollection: "And the pump—did they mend that, too?"

"Yes, madame," Suzanne answered a little timidly. "They are very clever with their hands."

"I don't doubt it," the countess replied grimly.

As she thought about it, she felt a growing anger that they should do these things. They did not do them for kindness' sake—but were ordered to do them; they were trying to pacify the French. The Germans had their own programme of appeasement—the Germans conquered first and appeased afterwards.

She felt so much better the next day that she got up in the afternoon and went down to the kitchen. Suzanne had just finished rolling pastry, and was slicing apples.

"What is this to be?" the countess inquired.

"Apple tarts, madame."

"But did we not have them last night?"

"The apples are just right for cooking now," Suzanne explained hastily.

Louis, who was entering with an armful of wood, remarked cheerfully:

"Ah, to-night is a banquet, madame! Tomato soup, roast pork, string beans, and apple tarts! I tell you it should be someone's birthday."

"It is indeed a banquet," agreed the countess. "It is something special to get Suzanne's apple tarts twice in succession."

"I tell her she fusses too much for those boys," Louis continued in his cracked voice. "To be sure they are helpful, but, as you

"Those portraits are of my grandfather and my husband," the Countess said in reply to their inquiry.

say, apple tarts twice in succession are special. And these boys are of the enemy."

"I forget they are Germans," Suzanne confessed. "I think they are just boys. And they are so hungry. They eat everything I bring them. It is a long time since we have had someone young and hungry in the house like that." She added proudly:

"They said my apple tarts were the best they had ever eaten."

The countess was silent. The pause became embarrassing to Louis, and he decided to speak.

"It is true these Germans have behaved correctly," he declared. "And they have assisted me in my work. I can make no complaint there. Already we have much wood cut—a surprising amount, as you may see, madame." He led the way to the door and pointed to the barn, glancing at her face to enjoy her look of surprise.

"There is something I must explain to you," the countess began in her clear, exact way. "These men upstairs who seem so young and so kind—you must not be taken in by them. They are officers in the German Air Force, and they only do what they are told to do. They are not really kind. They are trying to make you think that the Germans are your friends, so that you will let the Germans rule you, so that France will not try to be free again."

"It is part of their propaganda!" Louis cried, pleased with the word. "Yes. But we will not be taken

in. We know they are the enemy, and we shall oppose them until all France is free. Is it not so?"

"Yes, madame." They replied in unison.

The dinner was very good. She ate it with relish in the dining-room. They had not had meat for three weeks.

"One of the gentlemen wishes to know if he may speak to you," Suzanne said.

"Tell him to come in." The countess waited with her hands in her lap. The taller of the two air-men entered, clicked his heels—she would hear that sound for the rest of her life—and bowed.

"Lieutenant von Gaben and I were glad to hear you are so much better, Countess," he began.

"Thank you."

"I hope the suggestion we have to make will not seem impertinent. We thought perhaps that after your illness you might want some diversion, and we ourselves have found the evenings somewhat long. I—we wondered if you would, by any chance, care to play cards with us."

The countess was taken by surprise. She stared at the questioning eyes of the boy.

"Would you be so kind as to tell me your name again?"

"Captain Buchner."

"I am glad you spoke to me, Captain Buchner," the countess declared, "because I have something to say to you. My servants tell me that you have helped them in many ways. I want to thank you on their behalf."

The boy murmured something, but the countess did not heed it.

"Your kindnesses, however, do not change my attitude towards you or your companion," she went on, raising her voice ever so little. "I must remind you, Captain Buchner, that you are not a guest in this house. You have forced yourself upon us, and I shall be glad when you leave."

The boy did not have a ready answer for this. His lips moved. "I understand," he said finally and quietly. He bowed and withdrew.

The countess remained seated for a few minutes, and then went upstairs.

After dinner the next evening she remarked to Suzanne, "Last night the German officer asked me if I would play cards with them. I declined. I have now decided that I will play cards with them, if they wish to do so. Please give them that message."

The two officers came down immediately. The countess did not explain her change of mind, and gave no sign of her own embarrassment. She proposed that they should play bezique, and the conversation was confined chiefly to the declarations which the game requires. As the play became more interesting, however, they relaxed a little. The countess found herself actually laughing, over an unusual fall of the cards. Suzanne, acting on her own initiative, brought in a bottle of wine and some biscuits, and they stopped the game for the refreshment.

"If you have cigarettes and wish

to smoke, gentlemen, you may do so," the countess said.

They had apparently been hoping for this suggestion, and accepted it with alacrity. Captain Buchner opened a silver cigarette case and passed it to her, asking, "Do you smoke, countess?"

"Once in a while. Thank you." Looking at the cigarette, she exclaimed, "It happens to be my favorite kind! It is the Turkish brand I have always chosen."

"Ach, I wish we had known that," Captain Buchner said. "We would have given you some with much pleasure."

"You must take some now—to put in that box on the table, perhaps," Lieutenant von Gaben suggested in his eager way.

"Oh, no, thank you. I'll just smoke this one. I smoke very rarely." She got up to get her cigarette-holder, and both men rose to attention with a promptness which she did not remember noticing among her nephew's friends. She fitted the cigarette into a short holder made of jade and sat down on the sofa. The match was ready as soon as she was seated, the card table was moved out of her way, the wine-glass put near her hand, a cushion offered. These small attentions were pleasing to her, especially since she had been without them for so long.

They smoked, peacefully on for a short time, then Captain Buchner rose, quickly followed by the lieutenant. "We have enjoyed this so much," the captain said, speaking slowly.

Please turn to page 8



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The Many-Headed Monster

Continued from page 4

"I KNEW there was something," said Poirot. "You had better tell it to us now."
"It isn't much. It's just that one day when I went down to the dispensary for something, Jean Moncrieffe was doing something rather—odd."

"Yes?"
"It sounds so silly. It's only that she was filling up her powder compact."

"Yes?"
"But, you see, she wasn't filling it up with powder—with face powder, I mean. She was tipping something into it from one of the bottles out of the poison cupboard. When she saw me she started, and shut it up and whipped it into her bag—and put back the bottle quickly into the cupboard so that I couldn't see what it was. I dare say it doesn't mean anything—but now that I know—well, I've wondered."

Poirot glanced at his burly companion. "Have you got a search warrant?" he asked.

Detective-Sergeant Grey nodded. He went out.

Hercule Poirot and Nurse Harrison sat in silence for a few minutes, then the door opened and Detective-Sergeant Grey came in. He had something in his hand, wrapped in a silk handkerchief. He unwrapped it and set it carefully down. It was a bright enamel compact.

"That's the one I saw," said Nurse Harrison.

Grey said: "Found it pushed right to the back of Miss Moncrieffe's bureau drawer. Inside a handkerchief sachet. As far as I can see there are no fingerprints on it, but I'll be careful."

"With the handkerchief over his hand he pressed the spring. The case flew open."

"This stuff isn't face powder," said Grey.

He dipped a finger and tasted it gingerly.

"No particular taste."

Poirot said: "White arsenic does not taste."

"It will be analysed at once," said Grey. He looked at Nurse Harrison. "You can swear to this being the same case?"

"Yes, I'm positive."

Sergeant Grey sighed. He looked at Poirot and nodded. The latter rang the bell.

"Send my servant here, please."

Georges entered and looked inquiringly at his master.

Hercule Poirot said: "You have identified this powder compact, Miss Harrison, as one you saw in the possession of Miss Moncrieffe over a year ago. Would you be surprised to learn that this particular case was sold by a chain-store only a week ago and that moreover, it is of a pattern and color that has only been manufactured since three months ago?"

Nurse Harrison gasped. Poirot said: "Have you seen this compact before, Georges?"

"Yes, sir. I observed this person, Nurse Harrison, purchase it last Friday week. Pursuant to your instructions, I followed this lady whenever she went out. She took a bus over to Darrington on the day I have mentioned and purchased this compact. She took it home with her. Later the same day she came to the house in which Miss Moncrieffe lodges. Acting as by your instructions, I was already in the house."

"I observed her go into Miss Moncrieffe's bedroom and hide this in the back of the bureau drawer. I had a good view through the crack of the door. She then left the house, believing herself unobserved. I may say that no one looks doors down here."

Poirot said to Nurse Harrison, and his voice was hard and venomous: "Can you explain these facts, Nurse Harrison? I think not. There was no arsenic in that box when it left the chain-store. But there was when it left your house. It was unwise of you to keep a supply of arsenic in your possession."

Nurse Harrison buried her face in her hands. She said in a low dull voice: "It's true—it's all true. I killed her. And all for nothing—nothing... I was mad."

"You've been wonderful," said Jean Moncrieffe to Poirot after he had outlined the deductions he had

made concerning Nurse Harrison.

Dr. Oldfield chimed in, "Yes, indeed. I can never thank you enough. What a blind fool I was."

Poirot said: "Were you so blind, mademoiselle?"

"I was terribly worried," said Jean Moncrieffe. "The arsenic in the poison cupboard didn't tally."

"Jean!" cried Oldfield. "You didn't think—?"

"No, no—not really. What I did think was that Mrs. Oldfield had somehow got hold of it—she could easily get your key when you were in the bathroom—and that she was taking it so as to be ill and get sympathy, and that she had inadvertently taken too much. But I was afraid that if there was an autopsy and arsenic was found they would never consider that theory and would leap to the conclusion that you'd done it."

"That's why I never said anything about the missing arsenic. I even altered the poison book. But the last person I would ever have suspected was Nurse Harrison."

"I, too," said Oldfield.

"Yes," Poirot said. He sighed and murmured once more under his breath: "The pity of it."

Then he smiled at the happy-looking middle-aged man and the eager-faced girl opposite him. He said to himself: "These two have come out of its shadow into the sun..."

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Welcome Stranger

Continued from page 7

"WE were beginning to have much ennuï with each other in the evenings. Since you have been so kind, may we have"—he hunted for the French word, found "audace" and used it—"may we have the audacity to suggest that we play to-morrow night as well, if you have no engagement?"

The countess inclined her head. "I do not expect to have any engagement."

The next evening passed much like the first. The manners of the two were charming, but as they talked in their awkward sentences, or as she talked slowly so that they would understand, always there would be the unspoken question, always there would be that bitter ground lying between them.

There was a portrait of her grandfather on the wall, painted by Elle Delaunay, and Lieutenant von Gaben remarked upon its quality.

"It is a portrait of my grandfather," she said. She rose and they rose also. "He was a colonel in the French cavalry. He was killed at the battle of Worth in 1870. This one is my husband—also a colonel in the cavalry—he was killed at La Bassée in 1914. My nephew was in command of a tank unit in the present war, and was destroyed by your bombers near Rouen." She had spoken in a cold, clear voice. Now she paused, and the voice was dull: "These things are not your fault, I know, and yet—"

"We sympathise deeply with your feelings, madame."

"I do not understand why you fight this war!" the countess cried.

She stood there, facing them, the little head held proudly, but the carved ivory of her face had darkened suddenly with age. And, curiously, age seemed to touch their faces as well.

"Believe me," the captain answered. "We are fighting for a better world."

She made a gesture with her hand. Of what use was it to

argue with these children who did not understand what they were doing?

"Good night," she said.

"You have been most kind," Von Gaben said, almost pleadingly.

"We know how difficult this has been, and we are grateful," Buchner said.

The countess felt an infinite weariness as she climbed the stairs to her room.

In the morning Louis met her in the courtyard as he came to the house with some vegetables.

"They are gone, madame!" he cried in excitement.

"Gone?"

"They said good-bye to us in the kitchen a few minutes ago. You can hear their plane even now."

The countess looked up. The plane was already no more than a speck in the blue.

"It is hard to believe that they were what they were," Louis said. "They were so kind! They left us money—a hundred francs for Suzanne and a hundred for me. And they left a present for you, madame."

It was a small box wrapped in brown paper. The countess opened it slowly. She did not want them to give her anything. Inside were the captain's silver cigarette case and two packages of the Turkish cigarettes. There was a card with them.

"They had only two packages of them left, I know," Louis said, wishing that the countess would say something.

The countess gave a little gasp and steadied herself with difficulty. Louis stepped forward anxiously, but halted in amazement: the countess' face was illumined with such happiness and hope as Louis had never seen before. The eyes that had remained tearless through many tragedies had tears of joy in them now, and she held the little card to her heart.

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YOUR SYSTEM DEPENDS ON "BULK"—for regular elimination. Unfortunately, our modern staple foods—such as meat, potatoes, white bread, eggs and milk—contain almost no "bulk" at all. And you couldn't eat enough of the natural bulk foods to keep your system functioning regularly.



GOODBYE TO IRREGULARITY! Kellogg's All-Bran, a toasted nut-sweet breakfast food, gives the "bulk" you need. It works in the same way as fruit or vegetables, only more surely, more thoroughly. You get safe, natural "bulk" that massages the internal muscles, and brings about a gentle, thorough movement. Eat Kellogg's All-Bran for breakfast every morning (with milk and sugar).



I'D BEEN DOSING WITH HARSH REMEDIES FOR YEARS AND NEVER GOT REGULAR—BUT KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN BROUGHT SAFE RELIEF INSIDE A WEEK!



GET A PACKET OF KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FROM YOUR GROCER TO-MORROW

'Viyella'
has always been
an essential
utility fabric!

Start Baby Right—
with "VIYELLA" and
WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

William Hollins & Co. Ltd., Box 3335PP, G.P.O., Sydney.



Fashion FROCK SERVICE



● The "IRENE" air-raid overall and the "WENDY" culotte frock are practical styles for smart war-workers and ideal to wear to the air-raid shelter.

Coupons required: Ready-to-wear air-raid overall, 9 coupons; traced only, 8 coupons.

Culotte frock, ready-to-wear, 12 coupons; traced only, 9 coupons.

★ How to obtain "IRENE" or "WENDY." In N.S.W. obtain postal note for the required amount and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In all other States use addresses given on the pattern page in this issue. Ask for "IRENE" or "WENDY," and state bust-measurement.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD



He has come safely and happily through teething by the aid of Steedman's Powders, the safe gentle aperient which for over 100 years mothers have given to children up to the age of 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Give **STEEDMAN'S POWDERS**

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

HERE IS THE TRUTH ABOUT VITAMINS

Every man, woman and child needs more vitamins than the daily food supplies. As a leading physician recently pointed out, "You may be eating well but in reality starving yourself, yet the necessary vitamins can be had by the poor as easily as by the rich."

Why risk the dangers of vitamin starvation when a spoonful of Bemax added daily to the normal diet will ensure an adequate supply of essential vitamins? There is no other way to obtain sufficient vitamins at so low a cost.

No other tonic can do all that Bemax does, because no other tonic is so rich in vitamins. That is why Bemax is unequalled for that "below par" feeling and for building up buoyant health.

For Constipation, Indigestion, Neurasthenia, Loss of Appetite, Debility, remember—

You're bound to benefit from

BEMAX
THE RICHEST NATURAL VITAMIN TONIC FOOD.

The 3 1/2 tin from Chemists and Stores lasts a month. Write for free booklet, "Vitamin and Health," to B. Max (Dept. P27), P.O. Box 3679 88, Sydney.

THE "IRENE" air-raid overall is a perfect emergency suit because it looks so trim and tailored, and it's so easy to slip on. It is designed to allow freedom of movement, and there are plenty of pockets to cope with emergency rations, notebook, or what you will.

If you are obtaining this overall for war work, we suggest that you embroider your badge on the right-hand side of the bodice as shown in the sketch.

"IRENE" is available either ready to wear or traced ready to cut out and make yourself. It is made in a woven sports linen in sage-blue, sky-blue, dusty-pink, grey, brown, pink, white, navy, and black.

Sizes 32 and 34-inch busts, 37/8, ready to wear; or 27/8, ready to make yourself. Sizes 36 and 38-inch busts, 39/11, ready to wear; or 29/11, ready to make yourself. Postage 1/6 extra.

THE "WENDY" culotte frock has been specially designed on the same lines as the air-raid overall, and is a flattering style for the not-so-slim. It is also available ready-made or traced ready to make yourself in woven sports linen in the same shades as the "IRENE" overall. For additional warmth (and, incidentally, extra chic) wear a white blouse with shirt collar under it.

Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust, 35/6, ready to wear; or 27/6, traced ready to make yourself. Sizes 36 and 38-inch busts, 37/6, ready to wear; or 29/11, traced ready to make yourself. Postage 1/6 extra.

Fashion PATTERNS



F3293.—Figure-flattering style for matrons. 38 to 44 bust. Requires: 4yds., 36ins. wide, or 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F160.—Slim-fitting little jacket, ideal for sportswear. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F50.—Dainty style, with fullness coming from the scalloped yoke. 2 to 6 years. Requires: 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F1751.—Unusual style, featuring front fullness and high waistline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1780.—Attractive suit with unusual contrasting panels. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2yds., and ¾yd. contrast, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1006.—Youthful style, with charming dirdi skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide, or 3yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2252.—Becoming tweed frock with novel yoke effect. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



COSY FROCKS FOR SMALL GIRLS.
Sizes 4 to 10 Years.

No. 1 requires 1½yds., 54ins. wide.
No. 2 requires 1½yds., 54ins. wide, and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide.
No. 3 requires 1½yds., 54ins. wide, and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide.


Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 2d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 5d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State, as under:—
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 165C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 465F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post. PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
STREET
SUBURB
TOWN STATE
SIZE Pattern Coupon 11/7/42.



The American Eagle builds his Eyrie

THE U.S. Army is no stranger to Masonite. For years before "the Wonder Board" was manufactured in Australia, Uncle Sam's fighting men found Masonite a part of their daily lives. But now the great American eagle must build an eyrie in Australia—must have huts for troops, mess tables . . . a hundred and one urgent requisites. Naturally, the first choice was Masonite . . . Masonite fabricated in Australia—Masonite which is equal to the highest quality board produced in the United States! And so Masonite becomes the practical symbol of a great alliance . . . the alliance of America with Australia . . . of science with nature . . . of infinite utility with amazing economy.

. . . .

MASONITE TEMPERED PRESOWOOD..PRESOWOOD..TEMPRTILE..QUARTRBOARD DE-LUXE

THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.
(Building Materials Division)

SYDNEY . . . MELBOURNE . . . BRISBANE . . . ADELAIDE . . . PERTH



Government-sponsored clothes are a success

English women are delighted with new Utility dresses and suits

Special cabled story by ALISON SETTLE, fashion adviser in London to the Board of Trade

In England the Utility Clothing Scheme is now in full swing and it's successful. Australian women will be interested because it follows in logical succession to the clothes rationing with which they are now wrestling.

Briefly this is what the Utility Clothing Scheme is: The authorities have arranged for the production of various representative types of reasonably priced cloth and clothing. The only standardised thing about the goods produced is the guaranteed quality within a given price.

TO give you an idea of just how satisfying is the result of this Government scheme, I can tell you that the Regent Street shopkeepers and the heads of the highest grade stores in Knightsbridge report that their best class charge customers are asking "Where are your Utility ranges?"

These are women who used to buy models made in fancy prices.

They have fallen completely in love with the new Government-sponsored goods.

And certainly the dresses are far above the value suggested by their price.

For less than three pounds you can get models made in the purest wool, including an angora mixture in the newest of the British Color Council shades for spring, the "colors of the English countryside," in wheat-ear-yellow, maypole-red, millpond-blue, sun-bonnet-pink, linnet-brown, or woodpecker-green . . . nor must one forget Gothic-grey.

In one range some of the dresses are all in one color, in others the yokes and brief sleeves are in contrast.

Accessories are smart and interesting; there are self bows on pockets or hips, elegantly narrow self belts. The finish lacks no detail.

The secret of the big success of the Utility Clothing Scheme is that the Government has shrewdly assessed the importance of style, psychologically as well as in terms of trading.

The Board of Trade has continually emphasised that the customer is in no way restricted in choice and certainly the customer notices no smaller choice in shopping. She finds quite a bewildering variety in the goods offered.

Committee of designers

YET, curiously enough, all this work has not been done by trade experts called in to handle an unusual situation, but by the men of the Civil Service who have in almost all cases had no previous experience of this particular trade, since they deal with trade in its widest aspects.

And the stores are united in saying that, so far as the ranges now out show, the job could not have been better handled.

A still later development on the Utility scheme is the banding together of the big names in the dress world to act as a designing committee for the general trade.

Digby Morton is one London designer who has always been exceptionally public-spirited and has probably done more than any other designer to make smooth co-operation between designers and textile firms possible.

The fact that he designed the uniform for the Women's Voluntary Services has endeared him to women the whole country over; that was the most practical and most feminine uniform so far thought out.

Now not only is Digby Morton designing for a firm making some of the grandest of Utility clothes, selling at prices never more than five pounds a garment, but he is also called in to make coverall clothes for the factory workers.

One firm of food makers and packers has just adopted a working overall of his for their women.

The problem suddenly became pressing with the strong restrictions on the use of soap.

Digby Morton's "coveralls" have a wrap-over apron centre which is quite inconspicuous, looks like part of the overall (since apron and trousers are difficult to blend), and which can be laundered daily, leaving the main part of the protective suit to be laundered fortnightly.

In the London dress collections so far seen the main part consisted of elegantly simple day clothes.

Examples are these: Black dress so slim that the hem is slit up at both sides for some three inches, real lace making softness at the throat with scarf and bow . . .

Double line dress, being a full tunic to within three inches of the hem over a tight underskirt that matches (there is an Irene Castle air about this) . . . a tentier skirt to a simple navy dress . . .

Black dress with glitter edges fastening well to the side . . . fringed slim jersey dress

worn with black coat and fringed shawl cape . . . various navy woollens with red, with white . . .

The house of Rahvis runs the favorite tone theme of the season, which is the combination of two greys, the darker usually for the jacket, the lighter for the underdress.

And it is a collection of jacket-dresses rather than suits. Since the soap and washing powder restrictions it has been found that women countermanded blouse-and-skirt outfits in favor of the all-in-one dress with jacket.

Fresh and charming as the white lingerie blouse looked in the earlier collections, women now ask, Yes, but how can I get it laundered sufficiently often to keep it so smart?

The soap allowance of three ounces a week for personal and household use has made all dress firms, rich and poor alike, look at their finishes with a fresh eye.

Rahvis, once a house which loved fantasy and glitter, has now cut the fantasy and glitter and concentrated on line.

It takes no more time, as the designers told the textile trade, to design perfect line than poor line, whereas things added, whether in trimmings or handwork, need many more workroom hours added to the bill.



UTILITY FROCK in flame wool fabric, spot embroidered on the yoke and inset belt which are of jade-green. This frock from Garner and Co. is an excellent example of the charm and style of England's Government-sponsored clothes.



SUIT from England's Utility range in Glenurquhart over-check in black-and-white, with a line of saze-blue. The jacket of this Ronser design has all the fashion features of the moment, V neckline, slit breast pockets, flapped hip ones, and rather wide revers.

Rolling river of reading for Yankee allies

Two business girls, Patricia Holleley, of Greenwich, and Gwen Henderson, of Northwood, have thought of a special way of helping The Australian Women's Weekly's appeal for books for American troops in Australia.

They are fostering friendly rivalry between the tenants of the two big city buildings where they work, inspiring them to vie with one another in bringing in the most volumes for the appeal.

OTHER girls may like to try the same method, for though books by the ton are arriving to make a rolling river of reading matter for our allies, we want 50,000 books at least, and even double that number would not be too many.

Just back from a tour of Australia, a camp observer said last week:

"The thing which impressed me most about my trip is the impossibility of providing entertainment for American troops resting or at advanced battle stations.

"They are remote from towns where organised entertainment could be provided, but they are cheerful and there is not a hint of a grumble.

"They are doing a serious job, and realise that it must come first. But a soldier's life is not all fighting.

"To keep him fit for his strenuous job he must have leisure to rest and recuperate, and there is no finer companion for such hours of leisure than a good book.

"As a good Australian I would hate to have these boys feel that we had failed to realise their isolation and offer them what hospitality lies in our power.

"The least we can do to make their leisure less irksome is to see they have plenty to read.

"One book from every adult in N.S.W. would provide all that is necessary, and I am sure that such a gesture from those of us who can enjoy the comfort of home and fire-side would not prove too much of a sacrifice."

Will you send at least one book? Gifts may be left at any of the following depots:

The Australian Women's Weekly office (front counter), Pulsford Chambers, 176 Castlereagh St.; the Daily Telegraph Voluntary War Work Bureau, Dalton House, 115 Pitt St., City; the Public Library, Macquarie St.; the Sydney Municipal Library, Queen Victoria Building; the Fisher Library, Sydney University; the Teachers' College Library, Sydney; the Forces' Reading Room, Hunter St.; Lord Mayor's Comforts Fund, Prudential Building, Martin Place, and Town Hall, Grace Building, York St., City; Minerva Theatre, King's Cross, and 164 William St., City.

The appeal has taken rapid shape in Victoria, South Australia, and Queensland. Depots have been established in all capital cities, appeals are being made over the air, and in Victoria every newspaper is an agent for the appeal.

Country readers may rail books freight free by writing to Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney, for a special label.

Editorial

JULY 11, 1942

INVENTORS WANTED!

WHILE Australia is using all its known resources in the struggle for freedom, research scientists and inventors have shown that we have great and still untapped resources we hardly knew existed.

Australia brings plenty of inventive genius to this vital task. From pioneer times, our people have been adept at "making-do."

The farmer whose plough was broken had to find some way of mending it until the next load of stores arrived, perhaps in several weeks' time. He found a way.

Now Australia is faced with shortages that await, not the next delivery of supplies, but the end of the war.

Substitutes must be found and they will be found.

Here's just a simple instance. The vivid poinsettia that grows in suburban gardens may yet supply us with rubber.

The Army Invention Directorate is now receiving inventions at the rate of 150 a week.

There is welcome on the mat for the inventor and a prompt testing of his idea.

The Owen gun, the Lee riveting gun for aircraft manufacture, a new land mine invented by a commercial traveller, Mr. L. R. Gleadall, of Brisbane, are just a few of the weapons local inventors have added to our armaments since the war began.

Out of all this ferment of ideas and experiments will come more than weapons and substitutes.

Scientists who discover new resources and uses for waste products will have benefited our economy for all time.

—THE EDITOR.



TALL TALES... from the troops

Tall stories are a tradition among Australian servicemen.

Some of the tallest tales being told in this war concern the incredible deeds of the mosquito.

Here are some of them in letters written home.

Pte. R. W. Gibbons at an advanced Allied base to a friend in Woodstock, N.S.W.:
"THE mosquito here is the biggest in the world.

"He carries a beetle on his back wherever he goes. The beetle rips a hole in your mosquito-net to make an entrance for the mosquito.

"I was attacked by a swarm of these pests. The only place I had for cover was a tin shed with one glass window in it.

"The mosquitoes charged with the beetles on their backs and tore the window-pane down in two seconds, so I grabbed a sheet of iron and placed it over the hole.

"The mosquitoes charged at it with full force, piercing it with their stings.

"Grabbing a sledge-hammer, I belted their stings over so that they were clamped to the iron. Then, all of a sudden, they flew away.

"But fortune was on my side. They caused such a terrific strain that they pulled the shed down on themselves and committed suicide."

Cpl. K. V. Chaplin in Port Moresby to his sister, Mrs. P. Thomas, 36 Marne St., South Yarra, Vic.:
"ONE of the boys says the mosquitos up here are so strong that the other night two of them lifted up his net, turned over his identification disc, and, finding the blood group didn't suit them, flew away again without biting him."

Gunner Roy Morris, then in Malaya, to Miss H. Stephenson, Hornsby, N.S.W.:
"A FEW rather large mosquitos persisted in bursting through the tent canvas, thus making holes to let the rain in.

"So we tied them up with a piece of one-and-a-half-inch rope, and the following morning I was given the task of marching them up to the cook-house, where they were made into stew.

"Of course I don't want you to think that I'm any hero. I was well armed and had two Tommy-guns with me."

Pte. E. W. Chittick, then in Malaya, to his sister-in-law, Mrs. N. C. Chittick, Avoca, via Moss Vale, N.S.W.:
"THE other day we were wondering how we could shift our engine, as there were only eight of us there, and there's over three tons in our engine.

"We decided on hooking it to a couple of our mosquitos.

"Then we just walked over to where we wanted the engine, and, of course, the two mosquitos followed us, not realising that they were pulling the engine over."

Lieut. F. H. Carter, at an advanced Allied base to his wife, Mrs. E. Carter, 4 Read St., Port Pirie West, S.A.:
"THE mosquitos attack in waves and dive-bomb.

"After they get you too weak to resist they swarm on you and if you're not careful they will carry you outside the tent and drop you on your back.

"There are all sorts of varieties—the sting highs, the sting lows, and the crooners."

Pte. Harold Flack at an advanced Allied base to his mother, Mrs. R. Flack, 76 Chelmsford Ave., Epping, N.S.W.:
"ONE mosquito holds the net up while the others get in.

"The other night some of them lifted up my head and let it go with such a bang that it woke the boys up."

Gunner A. Thompson, R.A.N., to Miss Monica Sanders, 6 Hatton St., Ryde, N.S.W.:
"WHILE in one port in the United States I had the laugh of a lifetime to see American girls get themselves interested in a tall tale.

"We were in a shop, my cobbler and I, talking to some girls, and we started telling them about our kangaroo farms and goanna farms.

"I couldn't keep a straight face, and had to walk away, as the boys then went on to tell them we had kangaroosters also, and they fell for it.

"This makes me wonder what the Yanks are telling the Australian girls, and if they are believing it."

Lieut. D. S. Riceman in Port Moresby to a friend in Robe, S.A.:
"THE chaps have given up cursing the mosquitos and have started pleading with them. But they bite just the same."

Pte. William Smith at an advanced Allied base to Mrs. M. McLean, Belmore, N.S.W.:
"YES, I would certainly like a fruit cake.

"But you had better make a very big one, because my tentmates are so hungry for those things that they eat the labels off biscuit-tins and chew up pictures from The Australian Women's Weekly."

Sgt. B. Kerslake to Miss M. Scott, Kelvin Grove, Qld.:
"THE sergeants here are getting worse than ever.

"I have just been watching three of them playing marbles outside the mess, and yelling like kids."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter or extract from a letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts payment is 5/-.

Pte. E. Klar at an advanced Allied base to his fiancée, Miss G. D. Stephenson, 53 Rozelle Ave., Col. Light Gardens, S.A.:
"WE have some fun up here now and then.

"Some of the chaps from a nearby camp make out they have a dog. They walk along talking to it, then they pretend to tie it up to a tree.

"The other day I was walking along with a bucket of water, and one chap said to me, 'Can my little dog have a drink?'

"I thought he meant himself, and I said, 'Yes, you can have a drink.' Next thing, he put the bucket on the ground and said, 'Here, boy, have a drink.'

"I thought the chaps were silly, but they only do it for fun and to pass the time away."

Pte. F. E. Ross in the Middle East to Miss M. Morlow, District Hospital, Pambula, N.S.W.:
"I HAVE created an imaginary carrier pigeon loft, complete with pigeons, and I now have the title of 'Head Pigeonier.'

"I receive all the birds that come into the loft and despatch all messages.

"The imaginary loft is about 250 yards from the office, and I've even gone to the extent of spending ten minutes each morning feeding the birds.

"And like the silly thing I am I go up each morning and pretend to scatter them grain, and the other chaps watch me in the distance to see I do it properly.

"You have heard of the 'Kitty-hawks', haven't you?

"I have just announced to all and sundry that I crossed my pigeons with hawks and this new plane is the result.

"Of course, I am looked upon now as being an expert where pigeons are concerned.

"The second in command of this section had been away on four days' leave, and when he inspected the loft on his return he said it was dirty, and he's going to disperse me if my report is not satisfactory.

"I am in a pickle. I don't want to lose such an exalted rank, but what am I to do?

"And after working the business up from nothing!

"I forgot to tell you that one of the chaps found some fifth columnist pigeons among ours, and I was rapped over the knuckles for that, too."

Interesting People



ADMIRAL GHORMLEY

... South Pacific area

RECENTLY arrived in New Zealand to take supreme command of Allied naval, military, and air forces in South Pacific area, Vice-Admiral R. L. Ghorrmley of U.S. Navy was formerly American naval representative in London. Assisted in organising joint plans between the Royal Navy and U.S. Navy. Is renowned as a strategist. Commanded section of U.S. Navy in last war.



LADY DIXON

... In Washington

LADY DIXON, wife of Sir Owen Dixon, new Australian Minister to U.S.A., has arrived in Washington to take up her new duties as Australia's official hostess in America. She is well known in Melbourne as a charming hostess and homemaker. Also gave much time to charity work, especially for Children's Hospital. Her four children have accompanied her.



MRS. ERNESTINE HILL

... Calling outback

IT is typical of Australian writer Ernestine Hill that she was "up Queensland way with cattle" when Prime Minister Curtin offered her a post on the Broadcasting Commission. Better radio programmes for outback is one of her ambitions. Mrs. Hill is working on her fourth book. It will deal with North Australia.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep

More Australian writers get their chance

Further awards in £2000 fiction quest



AURA JACKSON, clever humorist, and writer of Australian romance.

The Australian Women's Weekly is proud to announce below the names of 60 Australian writers whose stories have been accepted for publication.

In doing this the directors of Consolidated Press, proprietors of *The Australian Women's Weekly*, have extended the scope of our £2000 fiction quest so that these stories may be purchased at the highest ruling market rate.

THIS is in addition to the £200 prizewinners in the five short-story sections and the £1000 prize for a serial, entries for which close on September 30.

Eight of these stories were considered outstanding by the judges and meriting a special payment.

The remainder are excellent examples of the fine type of romance, thriller, adventure,



JULIA BARRETT brings a delicate touch to her stories of the old days.

war, and humor stories our local writers are capable of turning out.

The content has shown that the Australian story can be first-rate.



ESTHER ROLAND,
Indooroopilly (Qld.),
promising romance-writer.

entertainment and the diversified settings of our widespread continent save them from monotony. Among the purchased abodes the back-grounds range from New Guinea and Broome, Darwin, and the tropics of the north to Tasmania. There are outback stories and slick modern comedies; there are stories of the sea, of the merchant service, and the navy—yarns of the pioneers and stories of our own fighting forces on land and in the air.

Among the accepted entries is a dog story—a tale of a sheep dog that could only have been written in Australia.

There are thrillers which invite comparison with the best overseas.



HENRIETTA DRAKE-BROCKMAN, whose brilliant stories of Broome and the North-West will be published by The Australian Women's Weekly.

and romances with
an Australian back-
ground and outlook.

The stories will be published as opportunity permits, but cheques will be posted to the winners this week.

Thus another bold step forward is taken in the encouragement of Australian writers.

The contest has been a tremendously interesting one. We believe we have found some fine Australian

short-story writers. We have read the works of hundreds of others who will be encouraged to persevere when they see the high standard reached in the published stories.

The first of the £200 prize-winning stories, "Her Son," by Isabel Knox, will appear in next week's issue of *The Australian Women's Weekly*. Australian artist Wep has excelled himself in a glorious double page illustration of Isabel Knox's poignant war story.

These stories bought for publication

EIGHT SPECIAL STORIES

DIGGER OF YERONGA—J. Merrifield, Box Hill, Vic.
I'LL GET THE PICTURES—Renee Featherstone, Melbourne, Vic.
FROCKS BY GANNETT—A. S. White, Clayfield, Qld.
NIGHT FLIGHT—G. B. Graham, Point Cook, Vic.

THE BELLED BOY—Frank Nunn, W.A.
KNEEL TO THE BRAVE—John F. Kenyon, Cremorne,
N.S.W.
NO POWER NOW—Esther Roland, Indooorooilly, Qld.
LITTLE ALFIE COMES GOOD—Kirwan B. E. Ward,
Nedlands, W.A.

FIFTY-TWO OTHER FINE YARNS

TUFFY WAS AN ORCHID—Aura Z. Jackson, Canberra.
 GETTING SALLY MARRIED—Anne E. Biddlecomb,
 New Portland, N.S.W.
 THE THIRTEENTH BUTTERDISH—A. E. Martin,
 Sydney.
 THE QUEEN'S EXPEDITION—R. T. Cawse, Kingsford,
 N.S.W.
 THE LAST DITCH—T. L. LeGard, Moree, N.S.W.
 THE STUFF THAT HEROES ARE MADE—Ed. A.
 Wesala, King's Cross.
 THE HERO—Charles Porter, Coorparoo, Qld.
 THEY GROW NOT OLD—Rex Stone, Hamley Bridge,
 S.A.
 THE GREATEST GOOD—Gwen Meredith, Mosman,
 N.S.W.
 BIRTHDAY—Sylvia Merrill, Bowral, N.S.W.
 AFTERMATH OF MURDER—Colin Klugemand, St.
 James, Vic.
 SABOTEUR—J. D. Fraser, Melbourne, Vic.
 WHERE THERE'S A WILL—K. J. Mackenzie, Ballarat,
 Vic.
 WHY MURDER MR. RUNDLE?—Ray Webster,
 Bathurst, N.S.W.
 LONG PIG—M. W. Peacock, E. Malvern, Vic.
 A NICE CUP OF TEA—Shane O'Neal, Kensington,
 N.S.W.
 YOU CAN'T ESCAPE—Peter Amos, Roseville, N.S.W.
 THE CLAY FOOTPRINT—Charles Kevin, Albany, W.A.
 NOTHING TO LOSE—Marie Arne, W. Maitland, N.S.W.
 LOOK FOR THE BLISTER—H. Drake-Brockman,
 Melbourne, Vic.
 THE WELL IN THE BACK PADDOCK—M. E.
 MacKenzie, White Swamp, N.S.W.
 WEEK-END MURDER—Richard F. Salmon, Perth, W.A.
 THE SILENCE—Thelma J. Davey, Brighton, Vic.
 THE WITNESS—N. A. M. Markey, Melbourne, Vic.
 JEM HOSKIN'S LUBBA—J. Ada Fletcher, Eaglehawk
 Neck, Tas.
 GREAT - GREAT - GRANDMOTHER CAROLENE —
 Julia Barrett, Double Bay, N.S.W.

WEIGHT TO CARRY—Russell J. Oakes, Kingsford, N.S.W.
PARADISE PLAINS—Irene Dowling, Ringwood, Vic.
COLLECTOR INN—Nora J. Stevenson, Balgowlah, N.S.W.
FULL PRESSURE—Ronald Keith Fideock, Townsville, Qld.
THE MAGIC SHIP—Will Lawson, Sydney.
THE CAPE NEAR THE CORNER—Don Edwards, Burwood, N.S.W.
HAIL AND FAREWELL—Cherry Dedman, S. Yarra, Vic.
TRIUMPH BY DEPUTY—B. Cashoult, Swansea, N.S.W.
SCORCHED EARTH—Somerville J. Best, Dural, N.S.W.
RETURNED FROM GREECE—E. Elisson Mors, Sydney.
ESCAPE FROM TERROR—Anne Baker, Beechworth, Vic.
MY GRANDMOTHER—Margaret O'Brien, Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W.
THE TACTICS OF COLONEL MACQUARIE — A. E. Jobson, Faulconbridge, N.S.W.
PINE TREE IN THE EAST—Zola de Vado, Holland Park, Qld.
JOE BARLOW WALKS HOME—V. Atherion, Marian, Qld.
A PIECE OF CHEESE—Jean Scott, St. Kilda, Vic.
FREE PARDON—Ralph Northwood, Kempsey, N.S.W.
THE RELUCTANT PIANO—Peter Johnson, Mittagong, N.S.W.
HOSPITAL BRIDE—Margaret Bayless, Kensington, N.S.W.
THE MOST AMAZING THING—Kathleen Elizabeth Carrick, Perth, W.A.
ONLY LENT—Lilian M. McCarthy, St. Kilda, Vic.
OUR AFFAIRS—Louie Elizabeth Suttor, Hford, N.S.W.
JEAN RUNS AWAY—E. Whittle, Black Rock, Vic.
SECOND HONEYMOON—Rupert Charles, St. Kilda, Vic.
THE LUCKY ONE—Marjorie Pennington, Adelaide, S.A.
WIND IN THE TREES—Lois C. Weir, Claremont, W.A.

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FULLER MONTGOMERY GALLOWAY MELVILLE BARNETT TURNER
ALLEN HAMILTON



DINNER FOR TWO. Dutchman Harry Voigt escorts pretty Ruth Seale to Prince's.



AT DRAGON FESTIVAL BALL. Dr. Hsu Mo, Chinese Ambassador, and his two daughters, Helen (left) and Mary Sue. Helen is studying music at Conservatorium, and her sister is Arts student at University.



FOR ALLIES' DAY. Edmee Monod (left), who will represent the Netherlands, and Marina Platon, Norway, in Queen competition. Marina is daughter of Consul-General for Norway.



AT ROSE BAY wardens' post. Mrs. Geoffrey McMahon (left) and Mrs. Felix Schmeltzchek, who are two of twelve women wardens attached to post. Their uniform is trim grey slacks and white shirt.

Heard Around TOWN

EVERYONE sorry to say good-bye to Rear-Admiral and Mrs. J. G. Crace and their son, Nicholas. They will shortly return to England.

Proof positive of Mrs. Crace's popularity is long list of farewell parties in her honor.

She and Admiral return hospitality at a late afternoon party at their home at Bellevue Hill.

Her plans on arrival abroad will be to settle down once again in her country home, Hawksley, in Hampshire.

"First port of call in London will be depot for Woollen Comforts in Eton Place, to tell committee of wonderful work being done here by R.A.N. War Auxiliary," says Mrs. Crace.

GLAD to hear that Marcelle Poate is convalescing after recent operation . . . her illness unfortunately interrupts her work at Kindergarten Training College, where she is doing post-graduate course.

She hopes to be attending classes again next term.

HOPEFUL news for Mrs. Claude Healy . . . hears unofficially that her husband, Lieutenant Healy, is prisoner of war in Java.



AT LIBRARY of Y.W.C.A. Pam Bishop (left) and Grace Alterator enjoy a quiet moment. They are spending week-end leave at Y.W.C.A.'s residence for service-women, which has just been opened.

NEWEST recruit to W.A.A.F. is pretty Joan Baldick, who looks so trim in her uniform . . . she is stationed at recruiting depot in Sydney, so is still living at her home at Bellevue Hill.

COUNTRY holiday for Mrs. Otto Jensen . . . she is spending a week with her father, Mr. W. J. Parker, at his home at Glen Innes.

INTERESTING job in Hollywood for Helen Foster . . . in engineering and drafting department of Technicolor productions.

She is also giving a series of broadcasts about Australia.

In last letter to husband George, who is still in Sydney, she says she is sharing a flat with Grace Gibson, who has been in America for some time now.

INTIMATE GOTTINGS

BRISK trade at stall set up by committee of "Bundles for Britain and Australia" on first floor of Hotel Australia.

Mrs. Ernest Turnbull, president of women's committee, hurries in every day to supervise sale of intriguing accessories, which range from knitting bags to white enamel cigarette cases.

Happen to meet Mrs. Ernest Watt, who tells me that she and Mrs. Bill Crossing are the Bowral "agents" for Bundles.

"We've sold such a lot," she says. "No sales talk required at all, for goods are so lovely they just sell themselves."

Helping her and Mrs. Crossing is Mrs. Ernest Schiff, formerly of New York, who is living with her mother, Mrs. Harry Levy, at Bowral.

Mrs. Schiff has quite a family interest in Bundles, as her cousin has designed many of the articles.

INVITATIONS sent out by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Brodick for reception at their home at Killara on July 13 after marriage of their younger daughter Mary.

Bridegroom is Lance-Corporal John d'Alce, graduate in law at Sydney University. He is eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. M. d'Alce, of Point Piper.

Ceremony to take place at Sacred Heart Church, Pymble, and Mary asks sister, Sue, to be bridesmaid.



LEAVING St. Mary's Cathedral, Mr. John Kelly and his bride, the former Ann Veech, daughter of the late Louis Veech and Mrs. Veech, of Wellington, N.S.W.

PAY a visit to first Civilian Aid Service centre to be equipped and staffed by Red Cross . . . address is 581 Flinders Street, Darlinghurst.

Post has been organised by Mr. John Gaden, honorary director of N.S.W.'s Red Cross Civilian Relief.

Talk to Mrs. Joan Mitchell while she dishes out tin pannikins of "blitz soup" . . . "made in a few minutes from powdered milk, vegetable purée with thickening and flavoring," she explains.

Joan, who is superintendent of Red Cross V.A.D.'s, who staff post, worked at first-aid post in Scotland during fierce air raids in Britain.

CHARMING new flat at Astor for Mrs. S. H. Ervin and her daughters, Mrs. Slim Bennett and Mrs. John Laidley . . . believe the furnishings are really rather super.

CONGRATULATIONS to Mrs. Wilfred Fairfax and Mrs. Molly Grey for elegant choice of furnishings for National Defence League's rest rooms and canteen for service-women . . . cream and turquoise-blue is color scheme.

Committee of League is thrilled to have Paris House, 173 Phillip Street, for club, which occupies three floors.

Opening date is July 17, and Lady Wakehurst is to perform ceremony at 3 p.m., and canteen and club will be available from July 18. They will be open each morning at 11.

INTERESTED to receive circular announcing formation of 7th Australian Armored Regiment Auxiliary . . . first meeting to be held at United Services Institution, 8 Young Street, this Thursday, at 7.30 p.m.

Work of auxiliary will be to keep in touch with dependents and next-of-kin of members, to advise and assist them, also to give financial aid when needed.

It will also provide comforts for members of unit and aid their welfare.

To carry out this important work a trust fund will be formed. Committee room is being established at Gibbs, Bright and Company, 37 Pitt Street.

Auxiliary sub-branch already formed at Singleton.

For further inquiries letters should be sent to hon. secretary, 7th Aust. Armored Regiment, A.I.F., Australia.



PROGRAMME-SELLERS. Shirley (left) and Marjorie Moss help at matinee performance of "Claudia" to raise funds for Sydney Hospital.



AT BUNDLES FOR BRITAIN and Australia's stall at Hotel Australia. Lady Mostyn (left) sells Mrs. Alan Potter a cigarette case. Mrs. Ernest Turnbull, at right, is president of committee.

ANNUAL meeting of Victoria League at Women's Club provides excellent opportunity for Rear-Admiral Muirhead Gould to talk on his pet subject—men of the merchant navy . . . relates many stories of their gallantry.

Am interested in his announcement that he has succeeded in arranging flag day to raise funds for them. Will take place in October.

RECEPTION at Romano's follows marriage of Sergeant Tony Lee and Paula Devitt, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Devitt, of Testor Grove, Melbourne.

Tony has just returned from service in Middle East . . . he is only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Lee, of Manly.

Betty

PRISONERS IN GERMANY *Photographs of our boys sent in by their relatives*



STALAG VIIIIB. Driver H. Bunton, taken prisoner with a field ambulance unit in Crete, with British and Australian comrades. (Sent to Mrs. F. Bunton, 8 Arundel St., Forest Lodge, N.S.W.)



STALAG XIIIIC. Left to right: Rol Tonkin, Mildura, working in Camp Records office; Karl Koska, in office which allots work to prisoners; W.O.I. Brown, W.A., in charge of Australians in camp; Mick Don, Sydney, Records Office; Col. Panitz, Brisbane, Records Office. Kneeling: John Lacy, Sydney, Records Office; Jock Ritchie, W.A., Law Rolling, Melbourne. Balmoral caps were issued in the camp. (Sent to Mrs. M. Koska, Box 82, Mildura, Vic.)



STALAG VIIA. British and Australian prisoners include Sgt. H. L. Rasmussen, extreme left, front row. (Sent to Mrs. H. L. Rasmussen, Nhili, Vic.)



STALAG VIIIIB. Pte. J. L. Hogg, fifth from left, with his working party, who load waggons in a stone quarry. (Sent to Mrs. W. Hogg, Merbin, Vic.)



STALAG XXA. Gunner Norman Johnston with his room-mates in Tommy suits photographed in the snow outside their quarters. (Sent to Mrs. N. Johnston, 13 Cooper St., Maroubra, N.S.W.)



STALAG XVIIIIA. "Keep up a good supply of snaps," Gunner Warren Weston, fourth from right, front row, asks his family. (Sent to Mrs. A. Weston, 24 Fletcher St., Campsie, N.S.W.) Prisoners of war in all camps praise their regular Red Cross parcels.



OFLAG VIIIB. British, Australians, and New Zealanders in a camp show, "Tour of the Islands," produced by eight New Zealanders. Skirts were made of paper, their hair from string. (Sent by a British officer to Miss V. Candy, 4 Merton St., Ivanhoe, Vic.)



STALAG XVIIIID. Corp. Charles McMonnies, left end, front row, says there is a library and concert party which recently staged a pantomime, "Cinderella," in camp. (Sent to Mrs. E. McMonnies, 78 Queenscliff Rd., Queenscliff, N.S.W.)



STALAG XVIIIID. Ray McDougall, standing right-hand end, third row, and his comrades, some wearing wooden clogs for muddy farm work. Some prisoners' letters ask for strong boots. (Sent to Mr. W. Ranson, 9 Boomerang St., Haberfield, N.S.W.)

The Incredible Jeep

Continued from page 5

JUST then the door of the telephone booth, which had stood ajar, opened wide.

"It never rains but it pours," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

"I'm not shadowing you," said Nancy Shelton, "though it would be a good idea. I had to come in to get some things for the children." She raised her brows. "You've been having a genial conversation," she said.

"I guess, Miss Shelton," said Harvey, "that you had better walk away rapidly."

"Women and children first?" she asked.

"Something like that. We seem to be in a state of siege."

"I like sieges. I also like action. Is there going to be fun and games?"

"You bring bad luck," Ulysses said.

"Scared?" she asked.

"Yes, if you're not to know."

"Maybe you could sneak out the back door," she said.

Ulysses Tecumseh did not want to sneak out any back door, especially under Nancy's critical eyes. He found that he was afraid of Broken-nose and his allies, but he was more afraid of showing the white feather with Nancy looking on. He could not understand this. He could not understand why he would rather lose a few teeth and wear a couple of black eyes than have this girl despise him for cowardice.

Harve was grinning. "Have a reserved seat, Miss Shelton," he said. He turned to Ulysses Tecumseh. "Can you hit where you look?"

"Oh, yes," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "When you are doing careful work like cabinetmaking you have to hit where you look."

"This time," said Harvey, "you'll be one hammer short."

"What do you mean by 'this time'?"

"I'll break it to you gently. We are about to have our faces pushed in. We are about to have the blinkin' blazes cuffed out of us by the heroes outside. Maybe."

"This," said Ulysses Tecumseh, with a wealth of understatement,

"is provoking. I've never had a fight. It is enough to make a body mad."

Ulysses Tecumseh frowned, while his companion studied him, wondering if he would have to do the fighting singlehanded as a sort of rear-guard while Ulysses Tecumseh beat a strategic retreat.

"I do not think I was ever so mad in my life," he said. "It is an outrage."

"Listen," said Harvey: "you're not a scrapper. You let me go out first. I'll create what is known in military circles as a diversion, while you beat it."

Ulysses Tecumseh seemed a little pallid and there were white creases at the corners of his mouth. He looked at Nancy again. "You think I had better run?" he asked.

Nancy said nothing.

"Oh, decidedly," said Harvey, without either rancor or scorn. "I have read repeatedly the lives of Generals Grant and Sherman," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "In fact, I was named after them."

This statement was so remote from the point that it nonplussed Harvey, who drained his glass and waggled his head. "Well," he said, "let's get going. You scoot."

"I think," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "that it would be best for you to go out first."

"Right," said Harvey. "See you in camp."

Harve grinned at Nancy, thrust open the screen door, and stepped out upon the walk. He was ready, walking on the balls of his feet, eyes alert.

The three men stood so that the way was blocked. Then something curious happened. Harvey heard a sort of shout behind him, and something dynamic rushed past him with flailing arms and fists. It happened with extreme suddenness. Where all had been serenity there was now conflict. The initiative was in the wrong spot.

Before Harvey realised what was happening, and certainly before Broken-nose and the two apes had even an inkling, Ulysses Tecumseh was doing his level best, and, considering his training and upbringing,

ing, his level best was surprisingly good.

He was tall, but he was wiry, and, as he had intimated, he could hit where he looked.

The first place he looked was at the middle of Broken-nose's face, and before Broken-nose was even partially organised for war his nose had suffered an injury even more maiming than the first. He reeled back and sat down suddenly, with his head against the wheel of the taxicab.

Ulysses Tecumseh did not pause here or confine his favors to Broken-nose. His first blow had been unscientifically delivered with his right fist. His second was delivered with his left and it made certain that one of the apes would go through life with a cauliflower ear. There was no skill in his attack, but neither is there skill in the attack of a whirlwind.

Harve Stone's reflexes were in excellent condition. Astonished he had been, but in a twinkling he recovered from his mare and went to work with trained efficiency. Not for nothing had he been intercollegiate welterweight champion. He knew how to hit, and Ulysses Tecumseh's wild attack had furnished plenty of openings. Harve was able to set himself and to put his weight into it.

As the first ape went back on his heels with a suffering ear, Harve eased his suffering temporarily by planting a straight right on the point of his chin. He knew from the feel of it that one gentleman would not be a peril for some moments to come.

Ulysses Tecumseh's right had managed to reach the second ape's diaphragm so that he gasped and Harve let him have one under the ear.

Broken-nose staggered up dazedly from his resting place against the taxi's wheel, and Ulysses Tecumseh swarmed all over him, so that it seemed to Broken-nose that he had to do with a freak of nature with at least four arms. So shaken he could not defend himself, he took an accidental uppercut on the chin and an equally fortuitous haymaker in the pit of the stomach, which finished the evening's endeavors for him.

Ulysses Tecumseh stood in the midst of the carnage looking very pale and stern, but with a certain light of eagerness in his eyes. He experienced a curious disappointment that there was no one else to hit.

"Have—have we licked them?" he asked.

"If you took a vote," said Harvey, "the apes would have it."

"It is a good thing to have studied military tactics and strategy. For instance, there was General Forrest in addition to Stonewall Jackson and Grant and Sherman."

"Maybe," said Harvey. "I'm a little slow on the uptake, but aren't we off the rails?"

"Why, no. I recalled my reading."

"It was a swell time for literary pursuits," said Harvey.

"I thought so," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "I brought to mind that all these generals set a high value on the element of surprise. Even the fact that General Forrest is erroneously credited with saying that the art of war consists in 'gettin' thar fustest with the mostest men'."

"Don't stop the lecture on my account," said Harvey.

"Well, it occurred to me that it would surprise them very considerably if I launched an attack. I do not think they considered that I would be a very efficient attacker. It was why I wanted you to go out first. That was why. You were what they call a feint, and it is a very good thing to do in a battle."

The taxi driver, who had remained silent but interested, leaned over the door. "Better git in," he said. "Say, that skinny guy is a funny fighter, but he's sudden."

Harve looked at his companion out of the corner of his eye. "Anybody can be mistaken," he said apologetically.

"But our strategy was not a mistake."

"Quite," said Harvey, "but it was sort of scaly for me to suggest that about your running while I held the fort."

"Well, that would have been good strategy, too, in another kind of battle." Ulysses did not wish Harve's feelings to be hurt. "You were perfectly right if our plan of campaign had been to let one part of our army be destroyed in order to save the second part. The best

generals do it. But I did not want you to be destroyed. I would not have liked it."

"No," said Harvey, "I guess maybe you wouldn't. You cannot tell by looking at a frog how far it can jump. Mister, you are a dandy fighter."

"Oh, not really!" said Ulysses Tecumseh. He looked back at the drug store to see if Nancy had been watching his achievements. She had been. She stood just outside the door, her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining.

"Don't worry," she said to Ulysses Tecumseh; "I can give a blow-by-blow broadcast of it. Mister," she said to Harvey, "can I buy a piece of your fighter?"

"Will a piece be enough?" Harvey asked.

"Come to think of it—no," she said. Then, quite cryptically to Ulysses Tecumseh, she said, "It is stimulating to have one's estimate confirmed."

"I never," complained Ulysses Tecumseh, "know what you are talking about."

"You don't need to," she said incisively. "You stick to action. It's your forte. Leave the talking and thinking to me."

"I do not want to leave anything to you."

"That," she said, "is just too bad." She spoke to Harvey as one expert to another: "He's got possibilities, eh?"

"Well," said Harvey, "his technique is crummy, but he's got the best part of a scrapper."

"Such as?" she asked.

"Plenty guts," said Harvey. "And who'd 'a' thought it?"

"I would," said Nancy, and she walked with crisp little steps to her car, placed her bundles in the back seat, and drove away towards camp.

Ulysses Tecumseh stowed his various appliances in the day-room, as yet unfurnished, next morning. Then he skirted the parade ground to the general's house, carrying one parcel under his arm. The general had gone already to his office, but First-Class Private Wilson was there.

"The general," said Wilson, "is fit to be tied."

"You mean his temper is not good?" asked Ulysses Tecumseh.

"It's them congressmen," said Wilson. "You got to pamper congressmen or they make speeches. And they snoot."

"I am going to fix up something," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "that will please the general. I think it will please him very much."

"He can stand a sight of pleasin'," said Wilson.

"Are you going to be around all day?" Ulysses Tecumseh asked hopefully. If Wilson went away on some errand it would be possible to remove those incriminating pamphlets from the general's filing cabinet and conceal them elsewhere.

"Me," said Wilson, "I got no more chance of movin' out of this dump to-day than I got of gettin' a commission."

"Well," sighed Ulysses Tecumseh, "then I just got to hope for the best."

He went first to the general's room, where he tinkered at length with the filing cabinet. Then, from it, he concealed wires leading to the roof, upon which he climbed and where he affixed a device purchased in the village last night.

This accomplished, his frame of mind was more clement. He had shown initiative, which he had heard the general assert that he admired, and he had done something for which he was certain the general would be grateful.

The rest of the morning he spent on the bookcases.

The first interruption was the arrival of Buster and Nancy Shelton. Buster expressed disappointment at the absence of his father, but became happy again when he saw Ulysses Tecumseh's tools.

"I want to saw 'n' hammer 'n' ever'thin'," he announced.

"You cannot saw," said Nancy. "You cannot hammer, but perhaps Private Clap will let you do a little of everything. Good morning, Private Clap."

"Good morning, Miss Shelton."

"Am I mistaken, Private Clap," she asked, "or does the expression on your face denote unhappiness?"

"I have," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "every reason to be unhappy."

"Is it a hang-over?" she asked.

"Did you roister following last night's triumph?"

"I never roister," said Ulysses severely.

"You are the first soldier I ever

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"I do hope this works. I don't want mother to see me sneaking out to-night!"

saw who objected to his work being interrupted—and, by the way, I hear the search for Fifth Columnist propaganda is annoying the troops."

"I wish," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "you would go away and take Buster. You always bring up unpleasant topics. You are always embarrassing me. You are a very peculiar and unpleasant young woman."

"But I've got nice-looking legs."

Ulysses Tecumseh blushed so that his ears seemed to burst into flame. "Miss Shelton," he said, "that was uncalled for. I think you should be ashamed, especially with a child present. I—er—what I mean to say is that immodesty among adults is—ah—is very immodest. But before a child it becomes exceedingly reprehensible."

"I got legs, too," announced Buster.

"You have very funny hair," said Nancy.

"My hair," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "is not funny."

"Why is it, I wonder, that every man with funny hair has comical ideas? I am going to enjoy educating you, Private Clap."

"I do not wish to be educated, especially by you."

"You're going to be," she said, with an air of finality.

The door opened, and General Shelton ushered into the room four assorted gentlemen, each of whom, in his own way, looked solemn and official.

"Daddy General, we came way over to see a blasted interfering congressman," Buster said. "You got to let me see one."

The four congressmen exhibited a satisfying variety of colors and expressions, but dignity compelled each of them to pretend he had been deaf at the moment.

"Take that child way, Nancy," said the general, "and keep him away."

"Yes, uncle," she said. Her face was serene. "I think he will be quite satisfied now."

"Hr—umph!" the general said. Suddenly he raised his voice to a yell. "Wilson!" he shouted.

"The general called?" Wilson asked from the kitchen door.

"Can I offer you drinks?" the general asked.

"Of what nature, General?" asked Congressman Whitty.

"I think I can supply anything within reason," said the general.

"Do I understand," asked Congressman Knowles, "that the government supplies wines and liquors to general officers?"

The question seemed to deprive General Shelton of coherence. "Er? What's that?"

"The question I asked," said Congressman Knowles, "was: 'Is it customary for wines and liquors to be purchased for general officers with taxpayers' money?'"

"I assure you," said the general, exhibiting a miracle of self-restraint, "that you will be enjoying my hospitality. My own personal hospitality."

"Ah." This monosyllable came from Congressman Bowen. "I am glad to have that point cleared up. I shall convey the intelligence to my constituents."

"I have here," said Congressman White, "a letter from a constituent of mine. It appears she has a son in this camp from whom she hears regularly."

"Indeed!" said the general.

"He states," said Congressman White, "that conditions in the post exchange are—ah—deplorable."

"In what respect?" snapped the general.

Please turn to page 19

Clever "Quiz Kids"

They know most of the answers

Nation-wide fame has come to five brilliant children as a result of the radio programme, "Quiz Kids," introduced a couple of months ago on 2GB.

The session is now being heard on all Macquarie Network stations throughout Australia.

THE success of the programme, which is heard at 7.18 every Sunday evening, is due not alone to the brilliance of the children, but also to the fact that listeners participate by submitting questions for the children to answer.

Each question used brings the listener a fee of five shillings, and when none of the "kids" can answer the question a War Savings Certificate for £1 is awarded the listener.

The combined knowledge of these "kids" is amazing. The questions used cover every field of knowledge. Frequently they not only answer the questions, but add information that shows that theirs is not mere schoolbook knowledge but has been supplemented by wide reading and intense curiosity.

In fact, so successful have the children been—an average they have answered 85 per cent of the questions correctly—that many have wondered whether they are specially tutored beforehand. This is not so, and in addition the order of the children is altered from Sunday to Sunday.

The class consists at present of Suzanne Dutton, aged 15; James Hagan, aged 12; Shirley Christensen, aged 12; Alan Mitchell, aged 12; and Bernard Lake, aged 13. Each has had a brilliant school career.

Suzanne Dutton was dux of her school at the age of 14. Her par-

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 1.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, July 8.—Mr. Edwards and Gaudie Rees—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, July 9.—Gaudie Rees presents "Precious Moments." Also Mrs. Owen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, July 10.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Gaudie Rees in Gems of Melody and Thought.

SATURDAY, July 11.—Gaudie Rees presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, July 12.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, July 13.—"Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, July 14.—"Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Owen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

ticular interest is languages, and her ambition is to be a classical ballet dancer.

James Hagan was a pupil of the Woolahra Opportunity School, which caters for children of special brilliance. He is now attending High School, and aims to become a teacher.

Although Shirley Christensen is only 12 she is in her third year at High School.

Alan Mitchell has twice been dux of his school, and apart from his general brilliance has a natural gift for drawing and designing. His ambition is to be an aeronautical engineer. He can identify any aeroplane in the air.

Bernard Lake, aged 13, is the scientist of the class. His aim is to be a doctor or a research worker, and his hobby is collecting classical gramophone records.

They are all healthy, happy, normal "kids" and just as fond of fun, practical jokes, and ice-cream as any Australian child.

The class as it stands at present is not a permanent one. From time to time other children will be given opportunities to demonstrate their brilliance.

The Incredible Jeep

Continued from page 18

"HE says the post exchange is a centre, as one might say, of ribaldry and of vice. He says that the lowest element gathers in the evening and buys beer. It is his allegation that one man will sometimes buy three or four beers, and that a decent young man is compelled to listen to conversation of a nature I need not describe."

"I would suggest," said the general gently, "that you remain through the evening and visit this centre of vice."

"It is my intention to do so," said the congressman.

"You understand, General," said Congressman Knowles, "that this is not an army of mercenaries, but an army of citizens."

"Quite," said the general.

"Therefore," said the congressman, "I propose to scrutinise their conditions in every respect, as to food, as to quarters, as to favoritism, and most especially as to the conduct of non-commissioned officers such as sergeants towards the draftees."

"Quite," said the general. There came, at this juncture, a rap upon the door. Wilson went to open it. "First-Sergeant Jenkins and detail," he said, "to search the general's quarters for subversive propaganda."

"What is this? What is this?" spluttered Congressman Knowles.

"Certain subversive literature has been smuggled into the reservation and distributed among the men," said the general. "I have ordered a general search, complete, thorough. In order that there shall be no complaint or uneasiness among the men, I have issued an order to the effect that every officer must submit to this search, including myself."

"Very proper. Very proper, indeed," said Congressman White.

"Proceed with the search," directed the general.

Ulysses Tecumseh felt as if he had been pushed from a window and was hurtling downward towards some awful crash. With haggard eyes he watched the detail enter the general's bedroom, and stood listening. Then, suddenly, came clamor, raucous, strident, alarming. It seemed to fill the house, indeed, to fill the entire vast military reservation. It was the sound of an electric gong beaten furiously by its clapper.

The general's face became purple. His eyes bulged. He felt for his collar as if it were choking him. He roared. "What the tarnation, knock-kneed, lopaided blazes is that racket?" he demanded.

Ulysses Tecumseh came to attention. He saluted. "It is the general's burglar alarm."

"What burglar alarm? Where did it come from? Who started it? I never heard of any burglar alarm."

"There is a burglar alarm, General," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "Knowing that the general kept valuable papers and maps, I installed a burglar alarm for their protection. It is a very effective burglar alarm."

"You installed it? By whose orders? Who ordered you to install a burglar alarm?"

"It was initiative," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

The general expanded; he seemed to increase in height and girth, so that explosion appeared to be inevitable. "Stop it at once! Make it stop!"

Ulysses Tecumseh tottered into the general's bedroom and tinkered with the filing cabinet. The din was succeeded by silence. Ulysses Tecumseh did not dare go back into the other room. He stood frozen while the first-sergeant opened the lower drawer of the file.

Then the first-sergeant got to his feet. His face was a curious mixture of alarm and astonishment. With his hands full of pamphlets he walked to the door.

"I have to report to the general," he said, "that in the lower drawer of his filing cabinet are hundreds of Fifth Columnist pamphlets."

Ulysses Tecumseh's knees became rubber. He leaned against the metal case and made a sound. Quite distinctly, he said, "Awk!"

To be continued

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, aided by **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, has smashed the Octopus Ring. But he is suspicious that

THE OCTOPUS: Head of the gang, is still alive. Following two attempts on his life he concludes that the Octopus will strike at him through

PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, and rushes back to her flat. There he finds her collapsed, and in tears, and learns that a mysterious figure has forced his way into the flat, and, after warning her that he has "come for her," touches her on the shoulder with a gloved hand. Mandrake's arrival, however, upsets his plans. **NOW READ ON:**



SOMEONE--SOME-THING--WAS HERE--IT TOUCHED--IT WAS COLD--

EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW, DARLING. WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME.

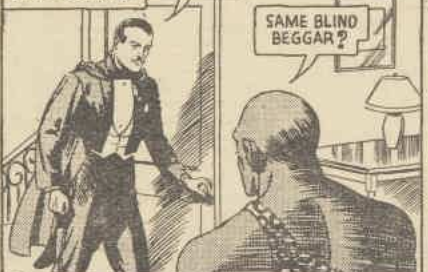
HE JUMPED THROUGH HERE. HE WAS IN A HURRY--HE FORGOT TO OPEN THE WINDOW--!

LOTHAR, STAY HERE WITH NARDA. I'M GOING AFTER HIM. HE CAN'T BE FAR--WHOEVER HE IS!



HE GOT AWAY. THE ONLY PERSON WHO MIGHT HAVE SEEN HIM WAS A BLIND BEGGAR.

SAME BLIND BEGGAR?



SAME BLIND BEGGAR? THE SAME ONE WHO TRIPPED ME WHEN I WAS CHASING THE GUNMEN? THE SAME ONE WHO CALLED TO ME FOR HELP IN CROSSING THE STREET--?



--AND WHEN I CROSSED, THAT THUG IN THE CAR TRIED TO RUN ME DOWN? I DIDN'T SEE HIM CLEARLY--HE WAS IN THE SHADOWS--



IN THE SHADOWS! ALWAYS IN THE SHADOWS! OF COURSE! COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT "BLIND" MAN!



NO FIND HIM--



WE DIDN'T SEE HIM, EITHER--BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM.



WHY IS IT SO IMPORTANT TO FIND A POOR, BLIND MAN?

NARDA, THAT "POOR, BLIND MAN" MAY MEAN LIFE OR DEATH FOR BOTH OF US. WE THOUGHT THE OCTOPUS WAS DEAD!



BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT THE OCTOPUS IS NOT DEAD. THAT "BLIND" MAN IS THE OCTOPUS.



BUT--YOU SAID THE OCTOPUS DIED IN THE RIVER. HE DISAPPEARED IN THE RIVER--WE TOOK IT FOR GRANTED HE WAS DEAD.



TO BE CONTINUED

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★ ON THE SUNNY SIDE

Roddy McDowall, Jane Darwell.
(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

THIS story of an English boy evacuated to the United States for the duration is slow and unexciting. It will probably appeal mostly to the children.

Roddy McDowall, remembered most recently for his work in "How Green Was My Valley," plays the English youngster who goes to live in a typical American home. The competition between Roddy and the young son of this family for the affections of family, dog, and the neighborhood children makes up most of the story.

Roddy gives his customary attractive performance and the capable supporting cast includes Freddie Mercury as the American boy, Don Douglas and Katherine Alexander as his parents. Jane Darwell has an important character role—Haymarket-Clivic; showing.

★ TORPEDO BOAT

Richard Arlen, Jean Parker.
(Paramount.)

RICHARD ARLEN and Jean Parker are teamed in this tame melodrama. Richard with his friend Phil Terry has invented a new kind of torpedo boat which does fifty knots an hour. Jean is a nightclub singer who, snubbed by Arlen, marries his friend instead. But the plot, alas, doesn't stop there.

Most of the action takes place in and around a shipyard, with blonde Mary Carlisle, as the owner's haughty daughter, rather complicating things.

The dialogue like the action is dull, although some of the torpedo-testing scenes are interesting. The acting is on the whole competent, but Miss Parker is a milk-and-water heroine. — Cameo and Capitol; showing.

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be cautious now, for difficulties, worries or disaster can predominate. This is especially so on July 12, 22, and 31. Routine best.

Taurus (April 21 to May 22): July 7 (from 10 to 11 p.m.) good, thereafter fair. July 8 difficult 10 to 11 a.m., then fair to 12.30. July 9 (forenoon) fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Routine affairs best. July 2 (evening) poor, also July 10 (near 8 a.m. and sunset) and July 13 (evening). July 10 (evening) fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): A time for progress, change, and seeking desired goals. Work hard, especially on July 12 (best in early evening), July 13 (fair), and July 14 (best in noon). July 8 and 9 (near noon) fair.

LEO (July 22 to August 24): Plan ahead for better times. Midweek, July 7 (near 1 p.m.) and July 8 (forenoon) poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): July 7 (from 1 to 2 p.m.) poor, then fair to 8 p.m.; July 8 (to 11 a.m.) poor, then fair to 1 p.m.; July 9 (forenoon) very fair.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Caution advised. Avoid discord, lateness, worry, obstacles and upsets, especially on July 10 (daylight), 12, 21, and 31.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): A peculiar week, so go warily. July 7 especially early afternoon, poor. July 8 (worse in forenoon), July 9 (early), and July 10 (sunset to sunset). July 13 (especially evening), July 12 (week), and July 14 (especially midday hours) very good. Seek progress.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 22): Unpleasantly at present, but better times soon, so plan ahead. Meanwhile, July 8 (evening), July 10 (daylight), and July 11 (daylight) poor.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Opposing forces can bring loss, separations, divorce, disappointment, and unwanted changes or upsets now, so be cautious. Routine work best. July 10, 12, 13 and 14 can prove most difficult days.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): He is quiet on July 7 (early afternoon) and July 8 (forenoon) against mild difficulties. July 10 (after 3 p.m.) just fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Good times, progress, change, favors, and general happiness and good fortune possible this week. Caution is likely too, so be cautious. July 9 (evening) and July 10 (daylight) poor.

Especially early evening, July 12 (especially early evening), July 13 (especially early evening), and July 14 (best around noon) very good.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★ YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW

Jimmie Durante, Jane Wyman.
(Warners.)

HERE is another comedy of U.S. Army life, which, although tar-fetched, is packed with amusing, rollicking slapstick.

The story teams comedians Jimmy Durante and Phil Silvers as a pair of vacuum cleaner salesmen who are drafted into the army. As privates they become guardhouse regulars, getting themselves into one scrape after another. The centre of interest—and fun—is Durante, but others contributing nobly to the entertainment include Silvers, Joseph Sawyer as a tough sergeant, and Donald McBride as a colonel whom the luckless Durante is always crossing.

Jane Wyman and Regis Toomey are in for the romance—and effective they are, too. You'll see the Navy Blues Sextet again, and a few acrobatic and other dance bits.—Haymarket-Clivic; showing.

★ DR. BROADWAY

MacDonald Carey, Jean Phillips.
(Paramount.)

PARAMOUNT certainly slipped when it made this inane and tiresome melodrama.

MacDonald Carey, in the title role, plays a young doctor, a kind of male Pollyanna, who goes round Broadway doing good deeds and saving people's lives. Among his rescued is Jean Phillips, a blonde chorus-girl, who she prevents from leaping from the ledge of a tall building in the cause of publicity.

Then the doctor becomes involved with a gangster. Is sent to jail for his murder, but his grateful Broadway patients rally round to prove his innocence. The acting is shoddy, a possible exception being Edouard Cinnelli as the killer. — Cameo and Capitol; showing.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH of the radiant Anne Shirley was taken on her arrival in New York, after completing RKO's "The Mayor of 44th Street."

Shows Still Running

★★★ **How Green Was My Valley.** Walter Pidgeon, Roddy McDowall in superb dramatisation of book. — Embassy; 14th week.

★★★ **The Little Foxes.** Bette Davis and superb new cast in brilliant, merciless drama. — Century; 8th week.

★★★ **Louisiana Purchase.** Bob Hope and Zorina in sparkling technicolor musical. — Prince Edward; 5th week.

★★ **Corsecan Brothers.** Douglas Fairbanks in Dumas' swashbuckling adventure. — Mayfair; 7th week.

★★ **The Men in Her Life.** Loretta Young and Conrad Veidt in romantic story of ballerina. — Lyceum; 5th week.

★★ **Woman of the Year.** Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in refreshing romantic comedy. — Liberty; 4th week.

★★ **Son of Fury.** Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney in dramatic period adventure. — Plaza; 4th week.

★★ **Moon Over Miami.** Don Ameche and Betty Grable in gay color musical. — Regent; 4th week.

★★ **Appointment for Love.** Charles Boyer and Margaret Sullivan in gay comedy. — State; 4th week.

★★ **Shadow of the Thin Man.** William Powell and Myrna Loy in diverting comedy thriller. — St. James; 2nd week.

★★ **Design for Scandal.** Rosalind Russell and Walter Pidgeon in frivolous comedy. — Victory; 2nd week.

Cable news from the studios

By VIOLA MACDONALD in HOLLYWOOD

ROSALIND RUSSELL has revealed that husband Freddy Brisson is now "somewhere overseas" on active U.S. Army service. "He left before we even had time to unpack our wedding presents!" Roz told me yesterday.

FIFTEEN war heroes who are touring the country on a War Bond selling tour have been feted by Hollywood. Eight of the group are British, seven American, and all have distinguished themselves in war services. They all spoke at a huge bond rally in the local Coliseum, and later were guests of honor at a banquet at the Coconut Grove.

RUMORS that both Deanna Durbin and Mickey Rooney are planning divorce suits still persist. Deanna was married in April, 1941, to Vaughn Paul, who is now in the forces. They were known as Hollywood's happiest couple.

The report that Mickey's marriage is ending after five months (he and Ava Gardner were married on January 11) is colored by the fact of Ava's absence in North Carolina, where she is visiting her people. Friends say this is a permanent separation from Mickey.

LATEST petrol-saving notion comes from Humphrey Bogart—who has laid up his roadster and bought an old-fashioned electric automobile.

THE best-seller "Education for Death," which describes the Nazi educational system and its transformation of children into unthinking, hating machines, will be filmed by R.K.O., announces this studio.

GINGER ROGERS will appear with blonde hair in her next RKO comedy, "Once Upon a Honeymoon." Her co-star is Cary Grant (who will be joining the army as soon as he has set his affairs in order).

PETER LORRE yesterday carried his acting genius too far. After finishing a terror scene in "Casa Blanca," he playfully grabbed a woman whom he took to be one of the actresses and, with large eyes rolling, screamed in her ear. The woman surprised him by screaming back—and fainting. Horror came to Lorre then, for his victim was a visitor to the set, and the wife of an Iowa theatre manager. He is still apologising.

STIRLING HAYDEN caused a sensation this week by announcing that he has been secretly wed to Madeleine Carroll for the past three months. Stirling is twenty-five, Madeleine thirty-six.

A former Hollywood star, Hayden is now in Nassau (the Bahamas). Madeleine flew to join him there this week.

Their romance began over a year ago, during the making of Hayden's first film, "Virginia," flourished while the pair were filming "Bahama Passage," then suddenly petered out when Hayden left Hollywood for Canada and naval convoy duty. Recently, however, those romance rumors have been revived.

EX-FILM ACTOR Jackie Coogan, who has been a private in the U.S. Army for several months, has been transferred to the Air Corps for training as a glider pilot. He is stationed at Plainview, Texas. Jackie is an expert flier.

LEAPING from a burning plane for a scene in "Forest Rangers," Fred MacMurray got too close to the flames and emerged without eye-lashes and eyebrows.

ALTHOUGH beaten by James Cagney and Clark Gable in film-earnings alone last year, Bing Crosby is, in total salary, the highest-paid star of 1941. For to his \$91,290 income from Paramount was added \$30,430 in phonograph recordings. Yes, Mr. Crosby earned \$121,720, in comparison with Cagney's screen \$110,200 and Gable's \$108,600. It is not revealed how much went in taxes.

MAUREEN O'HARA is to be directed by husband Will Price in her next picture.

METRO has begun the story work on "The White Cliffs of Dover." This is Alice Duer Miller's war poem. A year ago Ronald Colman bought the screen rights, but failed to find a satisfactory adaptation. A fortnight ago he relinquished his holding and, when Alice Duer Miller returned his purchase price (\$1362), handed over this sum to war relief funds. MGM then did a deal with Miss Miller.

Marriage for Mother

Continued from page 2

verandah, he trod on a bone which Brenda had forgotten to bury, fell and broke his arm. Like Mr. Dauter he surprised everybody by the unexpected violence of his language, and later showed a vindictive side to his character by refusing to see either of the Falstons when they called at the hospital to inquire after him.

"Of course," Marie afterwards said, bitterly, "it would be Brenda who'd spoil things. Don't be surprised if I give in to temptation and poison the brute."

"What good would that do?" Don asked.

"None, probably," said Marie, "but it would ease my feelings."

Marie, however, did not get an opportunity of killing the dog because Brenda died of her own accord on the very first night Don was away on a short business trip to the country. Mrs. Falston was distracted, partly because she had such a deep, foolish affection for her pet, and partly because Brenda left four helpless puppies behind her.

Driven almost desperate by Mrs. Falston's distress over the loss of Brenda and the problem of what was to be done with the pups, Marie consulted the next-door neighbor, another dog-lover, who laughed at her concern.

"There's no need to get into such a dither because a litter of pups are deprived of their natural milk bar," she said. "Get into touch with our local radio station and ask them to broadcast an appeal for a canine foster-mother. I bet that long before midnight some understanding dog-lover will come to your rescue."

Her advice was sound for, at

barely ten o'clock, a listener rang Mrs. Falston, stated that he had a dog that would act as a foster-mother, and promised to come at once to collect the puppies.

A short time afterwards he arrived, placed the little animals in a basket, and took them to his home. Later in the week Mrs. Falston, although reassured that they were doing well, drove out to see how they were progressing, and was delighted to observe for herself how attached the foster-mother was to the orphans.

Much to Marie's disgust all four dogs were brought back home as soon as they were old enough to fend for themselves.

"I think I'll keep all of them for the time being," Mrs. Falston said when Don suggested that Brenda's progeny should be sold. "Maybe they could act as a sort of body-guard to protect me from the attentions of unwanted suitors."

"Mother!" expostulated Don, "don't be ridiculous!"

"It's you and Marie who are ridiculous, dear," she retorted, mildly, "not to realise that I am clever enough to see through your schemes."

Don's mental faculties, again divided by conflicting emotions, were not functioning well enough to enable him to give a satisfactory reply, but the anxiety he felt when he noted the determined set of Marie's chin evaporated when some days later his mother, after an unusually silent meal, said, suddenly: "You know Bert Berlenner, Don? Remember he was the man who was so wonderful to poor Brenda's pups?"

"A LITTLE sandy, nondescript chap, yes," said Don, without much interest.

"Well, um," his mother continued, "I thought it best, Don, to . . . er you see . . . it's awfully difficult to say this to you, especially as you have referred to Bert as a half-wit, a bore, and a dog maniac, well, to get to the point I thought it best to . . . well . . . er . . ."

"You haven't bought any more dogs from him, have you?" asked her son, impatiently.

"No," she replied, meekly, "I've . . . I've married him! Bert and I were quietly married this morning!"

Then, seeing the astonishment on Don's face, she went on as nervously and self-consciously as a bride of twenty. "I thought it best to marry Bert first and tell you afterwards."

"Mother!" exclaimed Don, "you must be crazy to marry a fellow you hardly know!"

"I've known Bert since I was six and he was nine," she replied. "It was touch and go once whether I'd marry him or your father. He's been away in another State for years, and he never knew we lived here until he called in response to my radio appeal about Brenda's pups."

"I guess that the shock has upset me somewhat," said Don later when imparting the news to Marie. "Fancy Bert Berlenner! What a name! What a man!"

"What a deliverer!" Marie said, dreamily.

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ANGLO-AMERICAN BEAUTY. Ann Todd (upper left) represents English loveliness as the cabaret singer in British Empire Films' big new war adventure, "Ships with

Movie World

Wings." Jeanette MacDonald (centre) plays a mystery singer in MGM's "Cairo," which mixes high comedy with its topical spy intrigue. Her co-star is Robert Young.

Heiress in gold-rush...



1 FEATHER-BRAINED heiress Hope (Irene Dunne) refuses to believe her lawyer, Billingsley (Eugene Pallette), when he tells her she has spent all her wealth, and vows revenge.



2 DRIVING HOME in rage, Hope breaks traffic laws, is rescued by young psychiatrist Enright (Patric Knowles), who finds her dizzy mentality fascinating.



3 UNPERTURBED Hope discovers sheriff's men seizing her house and furniture.



4 BANKRUPT after all her property has been auctioned, Hope sets out to find fortune, hiring Enright as chauffeur.



5 ARRIVED in Arizona, Hope visits tough grandmother (Queenie Vassar), who gives her old goldmine.

On Duty through the Blitz

Lady CAROLYN HOWARD is in the Auxiliary Transport Service

Lady Carolyn Howard, daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, is now an Auxiliary Driver. Despite the day-in, day-out strain, Lady Carolyn Howard still has time to care for her complexion, and she is enthusiastic about Pond's Creams. "I started using them before the war," she says. "They have made my skin much softer and finer."



Lady Carolyn Howard has thick, wavy hair of a glorious Auburn shade, and large, expressive deep green eyes.

"Just a few minutes daily grooming with Pond's Creams keeps my complexion lovely," says

LADY CAROLYN HOWARD

Pond's two creams can do as much for your complexion as they have for Lady Carolyn's! When you use Pond's two creams together, their effect is truly marvellous. Follow the same beauty method as Lady Carolyn Howard. First, use Pond's Cold Cream for thorough cleansing. Pond's Cold Cream sinks right down

into the pores and floats out all the dust and powder that has accumulated there. Your skin becomes clearer. Those little "worry" lines vanish.

Then, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream, and away go those tiny bits of dry skin that roughen and dull your complexion. Your skin looks delicate, clearer—and it feels definitely softer. Pond's Vanishing Cream gives a lovely matt finish that takes powder with exquisite smoothness—and holds it for hours. Always use Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams together as a complete beauty method.



Sold at all stores and chemists, in small and large jars, also tubes for the handbag. For economy, buy the large jar containing approximately 32 times as much as the small jar.



6 WORKING the mine, Hope finds gold, placed there by joking Enright.



7 HORRIFIED Enright finds he has started a gold-rush, and worry lest fraud will be discovered is heightened by Hope's deliberate flirting with cowboy Stanley (Bellamy).

Leading man with his own ideas

ROMANTIC comedy, Universal's "Lady in a Jam," gives Patric Knowles the biggest chance of his career as leading man to Irene Dunne. In fact, Universal plans stardom for Knowles. Knowles himself is properly grateful, but has other ideas.

His one ambition is to get back into the Royal Canadian Air Force. With his pal, New Zealander Colin Tapley, Knowles joined up in 1940. He became a flying instructor. After 10 months he was grounded because of eye trouble. In 1941 he was invalided out and reluctantly returned to films. His two attempts to rejoin have been failures—that eye ailment still persists. But Patric is still hoping!

ITCH GERMS Cause killed in 3 days

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause itching, cracking, eczema, freckling, burning, acne, ringworm, psoriasis, blackheads, pimples, post-itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs in 7 minutes and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble.

Nixoderm now 2/- For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.



Always look for the name

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR AND SLUMBERWEAR

Jean Gabin in Hollywood

THEY CALL HIM
THE SPENCER
TRACY OF FRANCE

By SIDNEY CARROLL in Hollywood

THEY often refer to Jean Gabin as the "Spencer Tracy of France." This is merely a quick way of explaining to Americans that although he is no Valentino for looks he possesses more than the average quota of attraction.

In that pre-war France, where wonderful moving pictures used to be made, Spencer Tracy was often referred to as the "Jean Gabin of America." This was a quick way of saying that Mr. Tracy was a good actor. In pre-war France, Jean Gabin was the most eminent actor on the French screen, and by far the most popular. He was to French movies what Mr. Tracy is to American movies—a matinee idol who can act.

On the screen, Gabin looks much larger than he is. He is not very tall—about five feet ten inches—but on the screen he gives the impression of great size and mammoth strength. This is due, undoubtedly, to his rugged head and face. It is a face that seems to have been banged around in its time; its worry-lines are well defined, and the eyes are usually hidden by the shaggy eyebrows pulled down in a squint. It is a face which had more worshippers in Europe than Valentino's ever had. Even his compatriot, Charles Boyer, was mediocre on his native soil compared to Gabin.

Gabin is here now, hard at work at the 20th Century-Fox studios. His first film, "Moonlight," with Ida Lupino, is finished. His presence here represents a good deal of hard work on the part of the fates.



Jean Gabin, French hope of 20th Century-Fox, is to-day Hollywood's leading worker for the Free French cause.

from Lisbon. It was months before he began "Moonlight." First he had to have a few weeks at Palm Springs before he was physically well. Then he had to learn English—a task he had always refused. Gabin's lessons—eight hours a day for seven months (drawing his colossal salary)—cost the studio about £2650. At first he was pessimistic about the whole effort. "At 37, I am too old to learn new tricks," he told his teacher.

When he sat in a projection-room to see "Moonlight," he squirmed. He poked an accusing finger at the screen. "That is not Gabin," he said. "there is something missing." His English teachers disagreed.

To-day, Gabin is studying for his next Fox picture, "The Night That Shook the World." His only concession to Hollywood custom has been the purchase of a car. He has a home in Beverly Hills, frequently walks to work—he is a stickler for exercise—and avoids night-clubs.

His admiration of Ginger Rogers—whom he telephones three times a day, and to whom he sends truckloads of flowers—is now an understood thing. When he first came here it was Marlene Dietrich, whom he had met briefly in Paris. But Ginger—who cannot speak French—has long been his favorite actress.

Gabin, however, has an abrupt way with those who ask personal questions. His shy and boyish manner has led many an unwary interviewer into being flayed. That manner, incidentally, is his main stock-in-trade. For Gabin is one of the greatest "restraint" actors in the business. He is of the iron-hand-beneath-the-velvet-glove school. He is in many respects the Spencer Tracy of France.

Fox's Zanuck, along with practically every other producer in Hollywood, has been trying for several years to bring the Gallic Garriek to this country, but Gabin is one of those Frenchmen who liked France. To every American offer he made the same answer—he had everything he wanted in France, he liked France, and he did not want to leave France. They offered him the usual colossal salaries. He replied that he was making enough for his needs. They promised him fame of a sort he had never known before. He replied that he was very famous in France.

If Hitler—and the war—hadn't come along, Gabin would still be in France, making his leisurely quota of two pictures a year, sipping his favorite wine in his favorite Parisian cafes, taking frequent vacation trips to the South of France.

When war was declared, Gabin was one of the first to be mobilised. He took a berth as common seaman on a mine-sweeper—a gesture comparable, say, to our own Mr. Tracy suddenly turning up as an ordinary sailor on a gunboat. He was in the midst of a picture called "Remorque" when war broke out, and during his furloughs from the mine-sweeper he would return to Paris to work in the picture. "Remorque" was finished to the tune of shell fire, but what has happened to it is a mystery that may never be solved. Just as it was finished the Germans took over. The film was never released.

Bombed by Nazis

GABIN was at Dreux, 75 miles from Paris, in the villa he had recently completed, when word came of the German break-through at Sedan. Gabin grabbed one shirt out of his linen closet, jumped into his car, and headed straight for Cherbourg to rejoin his unit. The Germans got there before he did, so he turned his car towards Brest. The Stukas beat him again. One of them overtook him on the road to Brest, started to pour machine-gun fire into his automobile. Gabin jumped out, ran into a nearby field and threw himself flat on the ground. A bomb from the Stuka blew his car to bits.

Penniless, Gabin made his way to Toulon, where friends put him up—and where another offer arrived from Fox. This time Gabin, demobilised, broke, homeless, sick, accepted. He caught a small boat

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ON WASTE!

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Gibbs freshens your mouth.
Keeps gums firm and pink—
teeth dazzling white.

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ductive effort. The beautiful
Gibbs container can't wear out
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for ages.

SAVE YOUR MONEY
No need to get a container
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at 1/4 and save 4d. on every
purchase.

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in the
New Ivory container

Large container of Dentifrice	1/8
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for Coughs and Colds!

FITNESS as usual

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The Golden Rule of Health
-take
Beecham's Pills
"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX"

Want to keep your woollies soft and fleecy?

Here's the easy expert way...

Nice woollies — those pretty colours you specially like—are hard to come by these days. So do be kind to your fluffy jumpers, those cosy cardigans and scarves. Don't spoil them by harsh washing—pop them into Persil. Its busy oxygen-charged suds coax out the dirt as gently as can be. And if you want your woollies to last you really well, take Mrs. Holiday's professional advice . . .

HOW TO MAKE PET WOOLLIES LAST



Remember Mrs. Holiday's friendly articles in "Over the Garden Fence"? Here's some more helpful tips from this famous washing expert.



A WASHING:—Start off by measuring your garment. Then mix up your Persil and add it to cool water—use one heaped tablespoonful to every gallon (just as the directions say)—so that every scrap of dirt will come out quickly and easily. Gently squeeze your woolly through the lather. And please don't rub two surfaces together or your woolly will become felted and incidentally, shrink. If any part is badly soiled, just lay it flat on one hand and lightly rub with the other.



B RINSING:—Do rinse well—at least three times—in water of the same temperature as your washing suds. If any colour shows in the rinse add a little vinegar to the last rinsing water (about 1 cupful to every gallon). Remember never to twist or wring woollens but roll them in a thick towel and press out the moisture.



C DRYING:—After getting out all surplus moisture, dry flat—away from direct heat. Pack it with tissue paper or towels—sleeves as well as body. Put a piece of folded tissue in any pockets and underneath the collar. Check measurements, easing the woolly back to its former shape. (If necessary hold with rustless pins.) Turn now and again so that it dries as quickly as possible.

↑
CUT THIS
OUT AND
KEEP IT



PERSIL WASHES SO GENTLY THAT IT MAKES ALL FINE FABRICS LAST LONGER

J. KITCHEN & SONS, PTY. LTD.

P.162.1

ROMANTIC TOUCH

by GEORGE



AS TRANSPORT DRIVER,
JEAN DECIDES
TO LEARN ABOUT
A CAR'S INSIDES



AND WHAT WITH PLUG
AND PISTON RING
HER HANDS GET BLACK
AS ANYTHING



BUT GRIME AND GREASE
DON'T WORRY JEAN
SHE KNOWS THAT
SOLVOL GETS HANDS CLEAN



PERHAPS THAT'S WHY
THE BOYS DELIGHT
TO HOLD HER PRETTY HANDS
SO TIGHT

SEE HOW QUICKLY
HANDS COME CLEAN,
ONCE SOLVOL GOES
INTO ACTION.
WORKSTAINED HANDS
ARE SMOOTH AND
WHITE AGAIN IN NO
TIME! AND OH! HOW
EASY ON THE SKIN
— AS GENTLE AS
FINE TOILET SOAP.

SOLVOL

J. KITCHEN & SONS, PTY. LTD.

S.38.1



HERE'S ONE WAY to look glamorous when you go to a special party or to a theatre. Buy a yard or two of tulle (no coupons required) and drape it around your head, as shown by lovely Lucille Ball, RKO star, pictured above. A bunch of violets below the throat adds allure.

B·R·E·A·T·H·E

Get rid of suffocating stuffiness caused by...
NOSE-COLDS
CATARRH
NASAL IRRITATION



Try this new way to nose comfort!

Is a stuffed-up head driving you crazy? Does irritation in your nose torture you every time you breathe? For quick relief, apply specialized medicine right where it is needed to ease your misery.

JUST A FEW DROPS

Tilt your head back. Put up each nostril a few drops of Vicks Vapo-Nol. Takes only a few seconds. But, oh, what relief it brings!

As the tingling medication spreads through the inflamed nose-passages, you feel swollen membranes shrink. Irritation disappears, clogging mucus loosens. You breathe again... long, cool, delightfully clear breaths. Begin now to enjoy new nose comfort. Keep Vapo-Nol handy. Use it freely.

USED BY MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER MEDICATION OF ITS KIND

Night stuffiness won't spoil sleep if you use a few drops of Vapo-Nol to clear your nose.
Sinus ache is often eased by Vapo-Nol. By keeping sinus openings clear, it avoids the congestion that causes throbbing pain.
Prevent many colds—by using Vapo-Nol at the first sign. It helps Nature to throw off colds before they really start.
Sneezing, caused by stuffed-up nose and breathing through mouth, is avoided by using Vapo-Nol.

Prepared and guaranteed by the makers of Vicks VapoRub



Try to look like "a million dollars"...

DESPITE RATIONING!

By MARY ROSE
Beauty Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

KEEP yourself perfectly groomed, make the most of beauty aids available.

If you are a wise girl or woman you will not sit down and moan because you can't get everything you want when you want it in order to keep yourself smartly groomed.

You will, instead, make a special effort to keep yourself exquisitely fresh and well groomed under all circumstances.

Don't let yourself fall into the habit of thinking "Anything will do!" If you do, you'll soon find that you are neglecting your hair, your skin, your hands, your figure, and your clothes.

Continue in every way possible to look like "a million dollars."

Keep your heavy winter clothes spick and span—well brushed, well aired always. Don't let them become shiny, grimy or rumpled.

Care repays you

DON'T treat your hats nonchalantly—put them away in boxes carefully. Keep your shoes well polished—and watch those heels!

Care for your stockings as you would a bag of gold. Don't drag them on and off as you may have in the good old days when coupons were not.

Roll them gently on each day and roll them gently off at night.

Laundry stockings carefully and dry carefully. Be alert about ladders and don't wind your legs around desk-legs or chair-legs in the office. The damage caused stockings thin way is simply due to thoughtlessness.

Go over your wardrobe regularly. Spend those hours by the fireside in mending your undies and stockings.

You'll get into the pleasant habit of mending instead of discarding, and you'll find it a relaxation instead of a bore.

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

HONEY and witch-hazel mixed with milk will do for your skin what a drink will do for a thirsty man. Use as a face-pack on a jaded skin. The clear honey is best.

SUFFERING from corns? Dip a small piece of clean linen rag into some turpentine and wrap it around the affected toe. Repeat each night and morning. It will give almost immediate relief, and at the end of a few days the corn will have disappeared.

MOST people with a large nose are extremely sensitive. You can make yours appear smaller by using a powder two shades darker than that used on the rest of the face.

IF you have large hands, and are fond of wearing rings, let them be of the large type with big stones. A small, neat ring will merely make the hand appear twice as big.

HARD water may irritate your skin and will curdle the soap. If the water in your district is not all that it should be, try adding one of the following: Borax, one teaspoonful to one pint of water. Soothes greasy skins and is slightly antiseptic. Glycerine, same quantity as borax. Softens, soothes, moistens, and protects the skin.

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

ARRID is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 50c jars. At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods. Distributors: Fawcett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

SKIN DISEASES

PSORIASIS entirely cleared up with "PSORIGO," 1 lb. Proven Remedy. 8/6 posted. For Free Advice on all Skin Troubles, call or send 2/6d stamp for Examination Chart to DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 871-9 Collins St., Melb., C.I. POST.

"HEY! KNOW ANY TRICKS TO AMUSE BABY BUNNIES?"



"I've been putting my best foot forward all morning—but it's no use. They just grumble and take naps. Hold on—maybe what they really want more'n anything is something soothing to cool 'em off! . . ."



"Gleepl! That's it! Silky-cool Johnson's Baby Powder! Just two shakes of a rabbit's tail and I'll be back with double rubdowns for everybody. Then see if these fellas don't wriggle their ears and start to frolic."

"What a thrill! A rubdown with soft, soothing Johnson's Baby Powder is the high spot of any baby's day!"



JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON PTY. LTD.



FALIERES' **PHOSPHATINE FOOD** FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

Obtain samples from your Baby Health Centre, or post this advertisement, together with your name and address, to: Joubert & Joubert Pty. Ltd., Box 4515, Melb.

Children and the war

By MEDICO

● We cannot keep even our young children free from all knowledge of the war. Guns, bombing planes, fighting terms are becoming part of the vocabulary of every baby learning to talk.

MANY mothers are deeply worried about this. How, they ask, can we plan the lives of our children so that the war will do them as little harm mentally as possible?

In many cases mothers are worrying unnecessarily. For example, children under two are very little affected by loud noises, and they may sleep even through shell fire.

But children as young as this are deeply affected by separation from familiar people and sights. When a child under two has to leave home and mother, it is most important that he should have a foster-mother to look after him.

It is equally important that the foster-mother be not changed more than is absolutely necessary. The change from mother is bad enough, but many changes of foster-mothers can seriously disturb the child's sense of security and do a great deal of damage to his mental serenity.

Little children are very adaptable and imitative. A young child soon takes for granted the war atmosphere of aeroplanes, bombs, and tanks, and probably will want to play at war games.

Of course every little child must have his play time. Play is not a waste of time for him. It is a necessary part of his growing up. I advise mothers not to worry about their little ones wanting to play war games just now, and I do not think it will do them any harm to give them sticks for guns and empty cases for forts.

Playing at soldiers

REMEMBER, the child does not take in the full significance of war as it appears to us. His little wartime games of the moment are really only a variation of cowboys and Indians. He usually sees to it that the "Baddies" suffer complete defeat and the "Goodies" a thorough triumph. I would let the youngsters have uniforms, too. They needn't be too elaborate because the vivid imagination of the child will supply all the missing details.

If you have to take little children into shelters, be sure you supply them with plenty to do. Be prepared for such an emergency with play materials such as cut-outs and paint books. Leave them in the shelter or have them ready to take with you when the siren sounds.

Between five and 11 children change a good deal. Perhaps the most definite development is that between these ages a child likes to be taught and told what grown-ups consider is right and good.

Parents should take advantage of this stage in a child's mental growth. This is the age of hero-worship. Tell your children stories of the great leaders of to-day.

They will eagerly devour stories of the courage, endurance, and self-



sacrifice of our soldiers, sailors, and airmen. The news of the day is full of these stories. Emphasis should be placed not on the frightening and terrible aspects of the war, but on the valor and mateship of the men waging the war.

Incidents from the lives of our great leaders—the King, Churchill, Roosevelt—can all be made absorbingly interesting and a valuable character-forming influence on the growing child.

This is the age, too, when group activities are of priceless value. Boy Scouts, Sea Rangers, Air Cadets will contribute now their splendid share to developing the team spirit and latent gifts of leadership and self-discipline.

Somewhere about the age of 14, with the coming of puberty, per-

sonal idealism is out of place. The fast-developing youth of that age views the war with increasing clearness. Sometimes, indeed, he sees the issue more clearly than an adult, because his outlook is not so obscured by an adult's added confusion.

This is the age when child and parent reap the rewards of having established a relationship of mutual respect and confidence. When a growing boy and girl can fully and freely discuss all the many problems of this age with father and mother, there is little to fear for their future.

What I would like to impress on all parents is that more than ever children need a deep and sympathetic understanding of their mental difficulties. It is their world for which we are fighting. Let us prepare them now to make it a better, juster, saner world.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

The problem of the only child

It is often considered that an only child is usually selfish and spoiled and maybe rather peculiar and difficult, especially in his social intercourse with other children.

Where other children can usually make adjustments he fails to do so.

There are certain essential problems to be considered in the care and guidance of an only child, but when these have been carefully considered it has been proved that

the only child is no more difficult and need be no more handicapped socially or morally than other children.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4096WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

CHILDHOOD is the Golden Age of Playtime. Here's Dickie Hall, clever young MGM player, thoroughly enjoying himself, like any other lad of his age, "on the loose" in the toy department of a large store. Play, says "Medico" in the accompanying article, is necessary to the development of a child. All mothers will enjoy this article, for "Medico," as well as his professional knowledge, has a deep love and understanding of young children, and writes with sympathy as well as authority.

Plant daisies now...

By THE HOME GARDENER

JUST now the gardener can set out plants of many hardy daisies, particularly the marguerites, which he or she will find classified in seedsmen's catalogues under "chrysanthemum frutescens."

These are all obtainable in pink, white, and yellow, and all are single. They grow to about 4ft. in suitable soil, and need to have spent blooms constantly removed if their almost perpetual flowering habit is to be encouraged.

While this member of the chrysanthemum and also the daisy family is not averse to some shade, it does much better in an open, sunny, but well-protected position. Cuttings of most of the marguerites strike readily in cool weather.

The slips should be trimmed to a heel of old wood, all buds removed, and just a few top leaves left as "lungs." If kept moist the cuttings will reach flowering size within four months.

Eupatorium megalophyllum and

its darker cousin, lanthimum, like the marguerites, belong to the daisy family, although producing fluffy heads of pale lilac in late winter and spring. They resemble ageratum, or floss flower, which is also a daisy of parts, and eupatoriums can be planted out now at the back of the medium-height perennial bed or in the front of the shrubbery.

Even the shasta daisy, the ox-eyed daisy, the little bells perennis (or double daisy) have their places in the garden, and should be set out in the borders or given beds to themselves.

Many gardeners have sought the secret of the large, white daisy's triumphal conquest of certain parts of our territory, where it has run wild. It crept in unannounced as an immigrant from Europe, and soon took possession.

The dainty marguerite, the stiff, but bold-eyed shasta, the swaying, bee-inviting golden rod, the soft, caress-suggesting eupatorium, and the lowly, modest, little double daisy are no longer wildlings—all have achieved the status of prime garden favorites.



Hand-knit jumper

● Designed to wear under coat or with warm, long-sleeved blouse. Will fit 4-to-6-year-olds.

MATERIALS: 3oz. Paton's super Scotch fingering wool, 3-ply; Beehive knitting needles, 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 13; a medium-sized crochet hook; a 4-inch zip fastener or three buttons; colored wools for embroidery.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 14ins.; width all round at underarm, 27ins.

Tension: To get these measurements, it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 9 sts. to the inch in width.

THE FRONT

Using the No. 13 needles cast on 116 sts.

1st Row: * K 2, p 2. Repeat from * to the last 4 sts., k 2, p 1, k 1. Repeat this row for 2ins. Using the No. 9 needles proceed as follows. Increase 2 sts.

**** 1st Row:** K 1, * k 2, p 2. Repeat from * to the last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 2, k 2. Repeat from * to the last st., k 1.

3rd and 4th Rows: Like the 1st row. **

Repeat from ** to ** until work measures 8ins. from commencement.

In the next row cast off 8 sts., work 47 sts. in pattern, cast off 6 sts., work in pattern to the end of the row.

In the following row cast off 9 sts. and work the last 47 sts. in pattern.

Decrease once at the armhole edge in every alternate row until 43 sts. remain. Continue in pattern without shaping until work measures 12ins. from the commencement, ending at the neck edge.

Proceed as follows:—

1st Row: Cast off 10 sts., work in pattern to the end of the row.

2nd Row: Work in pattern to the end of the row.

3rd Row: Cast off 3 sts., work in pattern to the end of the row.

Decrease once at the neck edge in every alternate row until 27 sts. remain. Continue in pattern without shaping until work measures 14ins. from the commencement, ending at the neck edge.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:—

1st Row: Work in pattern to the last 9 sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work in pattern to the end of the row.

3rd Row: Work in pattern to the last 18 sts., turn.

4th Row: Like the 2nd row. Cast off. Join in the wool at the neck edge and work the other side to correspond.

THE BACK

Using the No. 13 needles cast on 104 stitches.

1st Row: * K 2, p 2, repeat from * to the last 4 stitches, k 2, p 1, k 1. Repeat this row for 2 inches. Increase 2 stitches. Using the No. 9 needles work as given from ** to ** for the front, until the work measures 8½ inches from the commencement.

Cast off 9 stitches at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows, then decrease once at each end of the needle in every alternate row, until 80 stitches remain. Continue in pattern without shaping until the work measures 14 inches from the commencement. Shape for the shoulders as follows:

1st and 2nd Rows: Work in pattern to the last 9 stitches, turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work in pattern to the last 18 stitches, turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work in pattern to the last 27 stitches, turn.

7th Row: Work in pattern to the end of the row. Cast off.

THE POCKETS

Using the No. 9 needles, cast on 26 stitches.

**** 1st Row:** K 1, * k 2, p 2, repeat from * to the last stitch, k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 2, k 2, repeat from * to the last stitch, k 1.

3rd and 4th Rows: Like the 1st row. Repeat from ** to ** five times. Cast off. Work another pocket in the same manner.

TO MAKE UP THE JUMPER

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up shoulder seams. Work 3 rows of d.c. round armholes. Work 4 rows of d.c. round neck and down edges of front opening. Work 1 row of d.c. across the tops of the pockets. Embroider small flowers on each pocket and sew the pockets in position as illustrated. Sew up the side seams. Sew in zip fastener to front opening or make 3 loops and sew on buttons to correspond.



ONE OF THE SWEETEST little woolies that have ever slipped off the knitting needles for the young miss. The model was 4 years and 4 months old. She is a husky girl for her age—fine-limbed, sturdy. Keep in mind that this garment will fit beautifully the average six-year-old.

... an aristocratic jumper

● Those of you who like something out of the ordinary in jumpers will welcome this design.

THE original was knitted in white, red, and blue, but you can use any three colors that most appeal to you.

As you will note, this jumper is designed for size 36.

Materials: Paton's super Scotch fingering wool, 4-ply. Quantities: Blue, 5oz.; red, 1oz.; white, 3oz. Beehive knitting needles, 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 11.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 18ins.; width all round at underarm, 36ins.; length of sleeve from underarm, 4ins.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 7 stitches to the inch in width.

THE BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Using the blue wool and No. 11 needles, cast on 100 stitches. Work in knit 1, purl 1 ribbing for 3ins.

Using the No. 9 needles and stocking-stitch, increase once at both ends of every 6th row until there are 120 stitches. Continue without shaping until work measures 12ins., ending with a purl row.

Now shape armholes thus:

Next 2 Rows: Cast off 8 stitches, work to end.

Next 8 Rows: K 2 tog., work to last 2 stitches, k 2 tog. (88 stitches). Break off the blue wool and join in red wool. Work one inch in stocking-stitch, ending with a purl row. Break off red wool and join in white wool. Now work in garter-stitch (every row plain) until armhole measures 4ins., measured on the straight from the first armhole row, ending with a wrong side of the work.

To shape shoulders cast off 4 stitches at beginning of each of the next 14 rows.

Next Row (right side of work): Purl.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: Purl. Repeat last 2 rows three times more. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (both alike)

Using the No. 9 needles cast on 78 stitches with blue wool. Work one inch in stocking-stitch, ending with a purl row.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: Purl.

Repeat the last 2 rows, increasing once at both ends of the next and every following 4th row until there are 88 stitches on the needle.

Proceed in stocking-stitch without shaping until sleeve measures 6ins. from cast-on edge, ending with a purl row.

Cast off 8 stitches at beginning of the next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. at both ends of the next 8 rows.

Break off blue wool and join in red wool. Work one more inch in stocking-stitch, ending with a purl row. Break off red wool and join in white. Work straight in garter-stitch until sleeve measures 6ins. from the first sleeve-top shaping row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Join extensions at top of the neck to form a hem. Join shoulder seams. Sew sleeves into armholes, gathering in the straight cast-off edge of sleeve tops to fit armholes. Join side and sleeve seams and turn up the hem at lower edge of each sleeve wrong side.



Chilblains

QUICK RELIEF
WITH IODEX



Get quick, soothing and safe relief from the maddening, burning itch of chilblains with IODEX—iodine in its ideal form. It does not irritate, blister, harden or stain the skin, and is equally effective for broken or unbroken chilblains.

PRICE 2/-, from all chemists

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE

Children's Colds

—go while they sleep!

When your child gets a cold—it's no time to experiment. Here is the marvelous "thermal cream" way to clear stuffed-up nose, relieve sore throat, and break up croupy chest congestion. **Buckley's Wintrol Rub** newly introduced to this country—but well proved by mothers through many a blizzard cold Canadian winter.

Rub **Buckley's Wintrol Rub** over neck and chest, and see how quickly its glowing, "thermal" action stops shivery aches and keeps little ones warm and comfortable through the night, while its wonderful 3-way action is driving out the croupy congestion. Get **Buckley's Wintrol Rub** now—from any chemist or store.***

Catarrhal Deafness May be Overcome

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are even just a little hard of hearing or have head noises go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of **Farmint** (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a dessertspoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open and breathing become easy. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone losing hearing or who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.***

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

HE'S BUILDING BOMBERS!



Young Ernie Wagner has the real Anzac spirit. Too young to enlist, he does his bit by collecting scrap aluminium for the war effort. Hey, Ernie! Don't you get pretty tired pushing that billycart? "Too right I do. But when I get home, Mum gives me a Bonox big cup of Bonox. Gee! It's beautiful!" Hot Bonox has just what it takes to put new energy into tired little bodies. Sends glorious vitality direct to the bloodstream—builds up resistance to flu germs. Mothers, give your youngsters hot Bonox every day through the winter—when they come home from school, or before they go to bed.

KRB

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Enchanting linens for your home

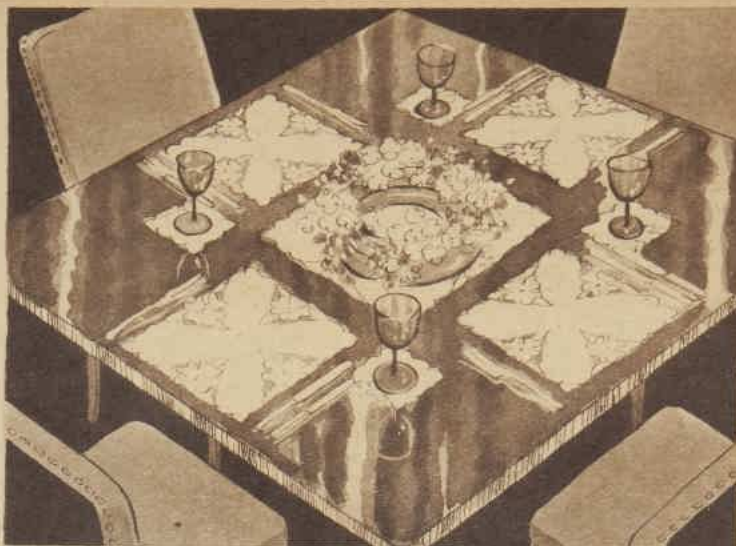
● These exquisite luncheon or dinner sets and tea-tray sets come to you traced on lovely white and pastel linens all ready for your needle.

Very important: No coupons needed.

TAKE advantage of this opportunity to replenish your tea-tray and table linens. Utilise those precious hours of leisure to work each piece—the fireside offers the opportunity on these cold, wintry nights.



HERE you see a close-up of the wild-rose design which is traced on lovely linen for you to embroider. See full details at right, and order your requirements at once.



THIS SKETCH of a table set for four will give you some idea how lovely this wild-rose linen set will look on your table. Read all about it below.

Make your selection from these!

ILLUSTRATED at left are traycloth, table-centre, plate mat, glass or cup-and-saucer mat, tea-cosy, sandwich d'oyley, and serviettes—these may be purchased individually or as a set.

They are available in blue, lemon, pink, green, and white sheer linen of the finest pre-war quality.

Here are the sizes: The traycloth measures 14 x 25 inches, the tea-cosy 13 x 10 inches, table-centre 17 x 17 inches, plate mats 11 x 11 inches, cup-and-saucer mats 5 x 5 inches, serviettes each 11 x 11 inches, and sandwich d'oyley 5 x 11 inches.

For a 9-piece set, consisting of centre, plate mats, cup-and-saucer mats, the price is 6/6 complete, plus 6d. extra for postage.

For a 12-piece set, consisting of centre, plate mats, cup-and-saucer mats, the price is 8/9, plus 9d. extra for postage.

Individual prices: Centre 2/3, traycloth 4/6, cosy 3/6, plate mat 1/- each, saucer mat 6d. each, round d'oyley 1/- each, sandwich d'oyley 1/- each, and serviettes 1/- each.

Stranded cottons for working can be had from our Needlework Department for 3d. per skein.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 288A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 480F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 153C, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 11, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4086W, G.P.O. H. calling, 176 Castlereagh Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 135C, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney Office.



No. 245: Here you see the neat frock designed for girls 4 to 10 years of age. Full particulars are given on this page.

Smart frock for 4-to-10-year-olds

YOUR young lass will need any number of hard-wearing yet dainty frocks for the warmer months to come. Why not obtain this little frock from our Needlework Department (traced on good quality Linora all ready to cut out and make up in cream, blue, lemon, pink, green, and white) now?

The design is guaranteed to make your little girl look as pretty as a picture, for it features a gaily embroidered shaped yoke, neat little tucks and matching buttons to the contrasting Peter Pan collar which finishes the neckline.

The frock is available in sizes to fit 4 to 6 years, price 5/3 (plus 3 coupons); size 6 to 8 years, 6/6 (plus 4 coupons); and 8 to 10 years, 7/11 (plus 4 coupons). Please add 6d. extra for postage.

If a different material is preferred a paper pattern is available from our Needlework Department for 1/4 and the transfer for the embroidery is priced at 1/6.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 ***



"I suffered with indigestion, wind and fullness after meals. I tried De Witt's Antacid Powder without any thought of relief, for I had tried so many things. That trial decided me to buy a tin. No one can realise the wonderful feeling of relief."

I took De Witt's regularly for a fortnight and then to prove its value I ate something that before would have given me hours of agony. I purposely avoided taking a dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder and suffered no ill results. I have never had the slightest pain since I started taking De Witt's Antacid Powder. Mrs. G. H.

This convincing "I KNOW—I proved it" spirit brings new hope to every sufferer. Mrs. G. H. tried so many things without relief that the effectiveness of De Witt's Antacid Powder came as a pleasant surprise.

Week by week, month by month, all through the year, reports are printed in the press giving you these convincing "I KNOW—I proved it" statements, telling how De Witt's Antacid Powder overcomes digestive trouble for other people. We honestly believe this remedy will give prompt relief and increasing benefit to every indigestion sufferer.

End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister to-day!



DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER

A proved remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence and Gastritis. Obtainable from Chemists and stores, in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/6. Giant size 4/6.



THE GIRL in the picture above is none other than Bonita Granville, RKO Radio star. She actually dressed this barrel herself. Other pictures show steps in the making of lovely stool.

ABOVE you see Bonita stitching the handles—or ears, as she calls them—on to the now completed stool. It looks grand, don't you think? Very easy to make, too.

CENTRAL picture shows Bonita stitching the "skirt" to the padded top of her dressing-table stool. Full directions for making are given in the article below.

Roll out the barrel . . .
and make this gay, useful

DRESSING-TABLE STOOL

● Tucked away in storeroom or garage of many a home is a barrel; in countless cupboards are remnants or unused curtains—both just begging to be used in this attractive way.

—Says OUR HOME DECORATOR

THE pictures on this page are a happy guide to the making of a stool.

At the top left you see the young lady busily at work. Note barrel. If you haven't one already, you may be able to pick one up somewhere.

If the top of your barrel (like the one shown) measures 12 inches across, then cut a circle of fabric about 18 or 20 inches in diameter.

A piece or two of thick cotton-wool is placed over the seat-to-be, and then the circle of fabric is stitched over this and tacked down all round. Trim off edges.

This barrel is 19 inches in height and 40 inches in circumference, so the material for skirt was cut 23 inches wide. The length required was 72 inches in order to allow for fullness. You can, of course, join up shorter lengths. Joins will not show.

Allow a two-inch hem for the heading. A quarter of an inch above the base of this hem run a parallel line of stitching to form a "tube" to take string or tape in order to gather it up and around top of barrel.

Now hem bottom and then stitch up the sides.

Slip this over barrel and pull the drawstring gently, arranging the gathers evenly all round, and stitch the heading by hand to the padded top (note centre illustration).

The finishing touches are given with "ears" which act as handles (note picture top right).

These handles make it easier to pick up the stool besides adding an amusing touch.

The illustration of dressing-table and stool at left will also interest you. This seat is oval in shape. An oval top can be mounted on a box and flounced in a similar manner to the barrel. The measurements given for barrel act as a guide in the making of a dressing-table stool such as this.

QUICK HAEMORRHOID RELIEF

Dr. Leonhardt's Vacuoid is guaranteed to relieve any form of pile misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vacuoid is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—"Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

War Strain Getting You Down?

You may be working longer hours, facing terrible anxieties, bearing increased responsibilities during these strenuous war years. Do you easily tire—feel depressed and worn out? It's time you had a good tonic—a fast-acting tonic that will rally you at once and build up your health quickly and surely. You need WINCARNIS, the "No-waiting Tonic!" The very first glass makes you feel better . . . it fortifies the brain and nerves. The first delicious sip of this health-bringing wine will make you realise what you have been missing, and why over 26,000 recommendations from medical men testify to its value. WINCARNIS is blended from choice wines, and contains two essential fortifying vitamins. Get a bottle from your chemist to-day. WINCARNIS will soon put you on the road to regained health and energy.

New Idea in Hand Care



While you dream of love . . . your hands can become softer, whiter, lovelier than ever. Pond's Hand Lotion works while you sleep. Silky-smooth—not the least bit greasy—you can leave it on your hands all night. Before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion onto the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand washing motion. Then see your hands become softer and whiter. Pond's Hand Lotion is obtainable at all stores and chemists.

Amazing HALF-HEAD Tests

Prove
New
Shampoo's
Glorifying Action



SHOWS THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT—Dull, cloudy, soap-washed side. RIGHT—Bright, shining "Colinated" side.

Clearly Proved
4 Advantages
1. 25% more luster.
2. Leaves hair silbier, smoother.
3. Makes perms faster, safer.
4. Retains hair's elasticity.

Here are the strictest and most convincing tests ever made on a shampoo. Unique "half-head" tests—one side washed with Colinated foam, the other with a soap or powder shampoo—show amazing results. Hair brighter, more manageable. Takes better "perms"—faster.

THIS revolutionary Colinated foam is not a soap, not an oil. Changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble-foam that completely washes away all grease, dirt and loose dandruff. No lemon or vinegar rinses needed, for there is no "soap-scum" or oily residue to remove. Test it yourself—and thrill to your hair's new loveliness. Make a note to ask your usual chemist, store or hairdresser to-day for a bottle of Colinated foam Shampoo. (Costs less than 4d. a shampoo.)

You're her protector . . .

WORK for her!
FIGHT for her!

Buy her War Savings Stamps

This message is inserted by the manufacturers of

LAXETTES

The Gentle and Effective
Laxative for Children.



Do have a cup of hot, stimulating SOUP!

● The wind and the rain, and cold, cold winter days . . .

These are things that make us say "Thank you" for homely blessings—a roof, a fire, and a cup of hot, stimulating soup.

—says **OLWEN FRANCIS**, our Food and Cookery Expert.

SOUP in the morning—it's a chill-chaser. Soup for lunch, thick and creamy—what else do you want?

Soup after school—that's a way to give the children more milk . . . Soup for dinner clear, hot, and fully flavored, and even the most tired worker is ready for the hearty meal to follow . . .

Soup for supper, steaming and light—and who cares that tea and coffee are rationed?

Steaming hot soup at any time is a grand cockle warmer for those who come in a shiver on a blustery day.

Try our recipes and make your family soup-conscious.

SERVE AT 11 A.M.

BEEF BOUILLON

(Rich, clear beef broth with the flavor magic of herbs and vegetables.)

Two to three pounds shin of beef, 2 qts. cold water, 1 large carrot, 1 large onion, 1 turnip, 2 or 3 stalks of celery, 3 or 4 sprigs of parsley, 1 bay leaf, 1 sprig thyme, 1 sprig rosemary, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper.

Cut meat into small pieces and crack bone. Brown the cut meat in the marrow from the bone or in 1 dessertspoon of dripping. Add the remaining meat and bone and the cold water. Simmer gently for 2 hours, removing any scum from the top. Add the vegetables and seasonings and simmer a further hour. Strain through a fine sieve or cloth. If not to be used at once, cool quickly, remove fat and store in cool, airtight spot. Serve piping hot with dry toast fingers or cheese biscuits.

Note: Finely-minced parsley or chives, fine vegetable snippets, slivers of onion or lemon, noodles or tiny shapes of puff or cheese pastry may be served in this beef bouillon.

SERVE AT LUNCHEON

CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP

One and a half cups of cooked, sieved spinach, 1 teaspoon finely-chopped onion, 1½ cups stock or water, 2½ cups thin white sauce, 1 egg-yolk, pepper and salt, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, dash of nutmeg.

Add the stock or water to the spinach and onion, and then add the white sauce. Heat thoroughly and stir in the beaten egg-yolk, and cook a further 2 minutes. A spot of green coloring may be added. Season and serve very hot with cheese toast cubes.

Note: In making the white sauce use one tablespoon of flour and 1 tablespoon of butter to 1 pint of milk. This sauce is a valuable basis for making quick creamed vegetable soups. The butter may be omitted.

CARROT AND RICE PUREE

Three medium-sized carrots, 3 cups meat or vegetable stock, 1½ cups water, 1 small onion, 1 cup rice, 2 or 3 large sprigs of parsley or mint, pepper and salt.

Grate or mince the carrot and add with the chopped onion to the water and stock. Bring to boiling point and add the rice and parsley and cook until the rice is tender. Season to taste. Cook a further 5 minutes and serve hot with savory puff balls.



SERVE AT 11 A.M.

Beef bouillon.

LUNCHEON: Cream of spinach soup.

AFTER SCHOOL: Creamed split pea soup. White leek and potato soup.

AT DINNER: Russian borscht. Mock turtle soup.

FOR SUPPER: Dutch rarebit soup.

ON SATURDAY NIGHT: Bean and bacon soup.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SERVE AFTER SCHOOL

CREAMED SPLIT PEA SOUP

One pound dried peas, 1 large onion, 1 large carrot, 2 or 3 stalks of celery, 1 ham or bacon bone, 2 qts. water, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, small bunch of herbs as parsley, mint and thyme, 1½ cups milk, 1 tablespoon flour, pepper and salt.

Wash the peas and soak for several hours. Drain and add the water, herbs, sliced vegetables and ham bone. Simmer 2 to 3 hours until the peas are soft. Rub through a coarse sieve and add the flour, blended with a little milk. Bring to the boil and then add the remainder of the milk.

For a lighter soup for the children after school half soup and half milk may be heated together.

WHITE LEEK AND POTATO SOUP

One cup sliced leeks, 1 tablespoon bacon fat, 1 pint water, 2 potatoes, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Saute the leeks in the bacon fat for a few minutes, but do not brown. Add the water and cook for 5 minutes. Add the potatoes and 3½ cups salt and cover tightly. Cook until the potatoes are tender. Blend the flour to a thin paste and add with the milk. Correct seasonings, add parsley, and serve hot.

SERVE FOR DINNER

RUSSIAN BORSCHT

Four cooked beetroot, 1 cup finely-shredded cabbage, 1 large sliced onion, 2 pints water or beef stock, 1 cup beet liquor, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup whipped cream, pepper and salt.

Cook the cabbage and the onion in the water or stock until tender. Add the beet liquor and lemon juice and then the beetroot cut into thin, long strips. Heat thoroughly and season to taste with salt and a little sugar. Pour into hot soup plates and add one or two slices of hard-boiled egg and a spoonful of cream to each plate.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP

(Soup of the evening! Beece-utiful Soup)

Half a calf's head, 1 ham or bacon bone, 1lb. gravy beef, 1 carrot, 1

Who cares that tea and coffee are rationed when you can serve nourishing soup like this at eleven, one, six, or ten! The crunchy soup accessories contrast well with the hot, smooth liquids, rich with the flavor of vegetables and meat.

turnip, 1 onion, several stalks of celery, 1 lemon, few eschaloats, 1oz. butter, 2oz. flour, 3 qts. water, 1 cup sherry (may be omitted), 1 bunch herbs, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 3 or 4 cloves, 1 blade mace.

Wash the head well and remove the brains. Blanch in boiling water and place with water and salt in pan and simmer for 2 hours. Lift out head, remove meat and strain liquid. Return to pan bones, shredded beef, cut-up vegetables, bacon bone, herbs, spices, and liquid. Cook gently a further 2 hours. Strain, cool, and remove fat. Remove tongue from head and cut into fancy shapes. Melt the butter and add the flour, cook 1 minute without browning and stir in the stock. Add the tongue slices, lemon juice, and few strips of vegetables for garnish, and simmer 10 minutes. Add the sherry and serve piping hot.

SERVE FOR SUPPER

DUTCH RAREBIT SOUP

Three large onions, 3 cups water, 1½ cups milk, 1 cup soft bread-crumbs, 1 cup sharp, grated cheese, pepper and salt, dash of nutmeg, about 12 small cubes of cheese, 1 teaspoon butter.

Slice the onions very finely and add to the water. Cook until tender and then add the milk, breadcrumbs, cheese, and butter. Heat thoroughly and season with pepper, salt and nutmeg. When eggs are inexpensive, add a beaten egg. Toast the cheese cubes and serve in the soup.

SERVE ON SATURDAY NIGHT

BEAN AND BACON SOUP

(A Soup for a Hungry Family)

Half pound haricot beans, 1 bacon bone, 3 pints water, 1 onion, 1 carrot, few sprigs of parsley and mint, 1

teaspoon Worcester-shire sauce, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1½ table-spoons flour, 2 or 3 bacon rashers.

Soak the beans overnight and cook the beans, sliced onion and carrot, parsley, mint, and bacon bone in the water until the beans are tender. Take out 1 cup of the beans and rub the remainder of the soup through a sieve. Add the unsieved beans and reheat the soup with the Worcestershire sauce, the lemon rind, and the flour, blended with a little water. Grill or fry the bacon rashers until crisp, and then crumble and serve on top of the soup.

SOUP GARNISHES

Clear Soups: Bright, clear-cut garnishes such as vegetable strips (carrot, turnip, celery), finely-chopped parsley, well-rinsed, cooked rice or macaroni, fine slices of freshly-cut lemon or small cubes of firm custard.

Thick Soups and Purees: Tiny croutons of golden toast or fried bread, chopped parsley, brightly-colored vegetable shapes.

Cream Soups: Color contrast of parsley or paprika, or a spoonful of cream, dusted with parsley or paprika. Grated egg-yolk.

SOUP ACCOMPANIMENTS

These should be crisp to contrast with the smoothness of the soup. Crisp Melba toast, toast sippets, fried bread cubes, crisp cracker biscuits, pastry sticks, cheese straws, crisp fried puff balls. Cheese, nuts, and spices or herbs may be used to give piquancy to these accompaniments. Tiny savory dumplings are sometimes served with hearty winter soups. These are poached in a small quantity of the soup.

KITCHEN CUT-OUTS

Basic Recipe No. 9

INEXPENSIVE TEA BUNS

Four ounces self-raising flour, pinch of salt, 1½oz. butter (or good beef dripping), 1½oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, flavoring (spices, fruit, orange rind, etc.).

Method: Preheat the oven and grease the oven trays; clean fruit. Sift the flour, salt and spices and rub in the butter with the finger-tips. Add sugar and fruit, if any. Lightly mix in the beaten egg and milk, mixing quickly to a consistency stiff enough to hold its own shape. Place in spoonfuls on a greased tray. Bake in a fairly hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Cool on cake rack and sprinkle with fine sugar. Serve fresh. Good type of cake for luncheon boxes.

VARIATIONS

Rock Buns: Add 3oz. fruit such as sultanas and currants, 1 teaspoon of mixed spices, and top with candied lemon peel.

Orange Buns: Add the grated rind of 1 orange and use orange juice instead of milk.

Raspberry Buns: Roll mixture into small balls on a lightly-floured board. Press hole in centre of each, fill with raspberry jam, and pinch together.

WINNERS IN OUR RECIPE CONTEST

MRS. GARRETT writes that her eggonomy pudding recipe dates back to the last war, when, in England, eggs, milk, butter, and even margarine were exceptionally scarce.

It is one of those hearty family puddings that can be served as a regular weekly feature and the boys still ask for more.

Mutton flaps are Cinderella meats that can really become quite elegant with a little kindness. Many country readers have tried salted mutton flaps and found them delicious; or boiled them for several hours and then pressed them, and when cold crumbed and fried them. From a Victorian reader comes another savory method of cooking mutton flaps.

Note also the delicious raisin pudding. The cornflour gives an airy texture to the flour. This pudding can be served cold as a cake.

EGGONOMY PUDDING

Two cups grated raw potato, 1 cup grated raw carrot, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 cup flour (self-raising), 1 cup grated suet, 1 cup currants, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup granulated sugar, 1 cup mixed peel, chopped very fine, cinnamon or mixed spice to taste.

(If preferred the mixed peel may be omitted, 1 cup of dates substituted, or the equivalent in other dried fruit.)

Mix all thoroughly, using just enough water to make a fairly stiff mixture. Put the mixture into a greased basin, cover over, and allow to stand overnight.

Boil for at least 4 hours—5 to 6 hours preferably. Serve with white sauce or custard.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Elsie Garrett, Flat 3, Carrackoon, Bridge Rd., Queenscliff, Manly, N.E.W.

RAISIN MERINGUE PUDDING

One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup cornflour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 egg-yolks, 1 cup seeded raisins (dates

may be used), 1 cup sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Cream butter and sugar well, beat in egg-yolks one at a time. Sift flour, cornflour, and salt, and add alternately with the milk a little at a time, beating well. Stir in raisins and lemon juice and bake half an hour in a well-greased square cake-tin. Oven must be only moderately hot. Remove from tin and cool.

Mix stiffly-beaten egg-whites with 2 tablespoons of sugar. Pile on cake and return to oven until golden brown.

Send from oven to table and serve with hot custard sauce. Can be served cold for afternoon tea.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Emma Townsend, 327 High St., Bendigo, Vic.

SAVORY MUTTON FLAPS

(Easy on the meat ration.)

Take 2 mutton flaps, trim off all surplus skin. Lay in saucepan one over the other with a coarsely-cut onion, sliced carrot, and water to come half-way up meat. Simmer for 2 hours. Take out of saucepan, drain, and make a filling of 4oz. breadcrumbs, 4oz. small mushrooms, 1 chopped eschalo, 1 chopped dessertspoon parsley, 2oz. scraps cooked chopped ham, 1 egg to bind, and seasoning. Divide in halves, fill flaps and sew up. Sprinkle prepared flaps with lemon juice. Coat thickly with browned breadcrumbs, pressing well down, and bake for 1 hour in a fairly hot oven. Use some of the stock for making the gravy. Serve a green vegetable as well as baked potatoes.

When cold they can be cut into thin slices. Very tasty with any salad.

The middle neck of mutton is also excellent done this way and makes a cheap roast.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Dell, Swan Hill, Vic.

CUSTARD CREAM BISCUITS

Six ounces butter (1 cup), 2oz. icing sugar (2 tablespoons), 2oz. custard powder (2 tablespoons), 6oz. flour (1 1/2 cups), 1 teaspoon baking powder, and a pinch of salt.

For Filling: One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, 2 tablespoons sifted icing sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and custard powder three times.

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly. Gradually add sifted mixture, combine evenly. Form small portions into balls, place on buttered baking tray, press with fork prongs and sprinkle surface with castor sugar (or, if preferred, dip each ball into castor sugar before placing on tray). Bake slowly in moderately hot oven till lightly browned and crisp, and leave on tray till cold.

Cream butter, add condensed milk, sifted icing sugar, and vanilla, mix thoroughly, and join biscuits together with this filling.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Bracken, c/o Mrs. C. W. Basham, Hillside, Young, N.S.W.

HERE'S an inexpensive dish sent by Lucille Ball, RKO star: Beat 2lb. thinly-cut skirt steak, spread with soft crumbs, grated carrot, celery, onion. Season and bind with egg before spreading. Roll, tie, and braise for 2 hours in tightly-covered pan.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

PETER PAN collars that fray at outside edges can be made new and interesting with buttonhole edging. Keep stitches loose, otherwise sliken thread may shrink with laundering.

CLEAN up the old kettle: Add a teaspoon of soda to the boiling kettleful of water, boil for 15 minutes. Scrape inside and rinse well. Repeat if necessary to free kettle of "fur." But don't scrape holes in it!

COLD starch need not be thrown away. Allow to stand, pour off water and dry in oven after the roast beef comes out.

TALKING of shoes, I had a pair of shabby suede shoes. Perfectly whole and sound, but smooth little spots were just too depression-making. They look a smart new lease of life when I sandpapered, creamed, and polished them. "New shoes, dear?" said mother.



PAINTWORK keeps that good-as-new look, says Miss Precious Minutes, if simple care is taken. Daily dusting with a soft cloth, regular but not too frequent washing with warm, slightly soapy water will keep it spick and span.

PAIN

that kept her in bed.

Terrible, dragging spasms so bad she missed a day from work every month.



Discover for yourself the complete, lasting and safe relief of period pain that you can get with a couple of little Myzone tablets. When you want to sit down and cry with the pain and that terrible feeling of weakness... let Myzone's marvellous **actein** (anti-spasm) compound bring you blessed comfort without "doping."



"It's remarkable how Myzone banishes that languid despondency. It is science's greatest gift to women!"

Just take two Myzone tablets with water or cup of tea. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.

Say! This is REAL RELIEF For a COLD!



One simple treatment reaches and relieves ALL these miseries

tated passages of nose, throat, and chest—which only vapours can reach direct. These vapours soothe irritation, loosen phlegm, relieve coughing, make breathing easy.

At the same time, VapoRub works on the skin, like a poultice, "drawing out" tightness and pain in throat and chest.

He Sleeps Away the Cold

Relaxed and comfortable, and breathing easily, Baby sleeps soundly. VapoRub goes on working hour after hour, breaks up most colds overnight.

VICKS VAPORUB

OVER 26 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

WHEN Baby catches cold, his nose, throat, and chest are all in danger. Take no chances—help all three quickly! You can—without making Baby swallow anything, without any risk of upsetting his stomach. Simply rub throat, chest, and back with Vicks VapoRub.

Unique Double Action

Warmed by the body, VapoRub gives off healing vapours that are breathed in straight to the irri-



3 ways to beat the BREAKFAST RUSH



1

WEET-BIX

Crisply served wheat-flakes . . . flavoured with rich tasty malt . . . in "easy-to-serve" biscuit form. A treat when buttered or spread with honey or jam. Best of all, when served with milk, cream or stewed fruit!

2

BIXIES

For a quick, served-in-a-flash breakfast cereal, what could be nicer than a heaping plateful of these delicious crunchy, wheat-flakes flavoured with both malt and honey. Just say BIXIES in your grocer. . . .



3

GRANOSE

A Sanitarium Health Food that has been a favourite for generations. Pure wholesome wheat-flakes, cooked to perfection, and flavoured only with salt. For those who prefer this morning cereal "savory" instead of "sweet".



WHEN breakfast has to be prepared for the family . . . the children dressed for school . . . and lunches cut . . . every minute saved is precious to the busy mother. That's why we suggest you keep one or more of these tasty, healthful Sanitarium Health Foods handy — and that you serve them often. Each one is a

time-saver . . . and a most economical source of those essential mineral salts, proteins, carbohydrates and vitamins that doctors say growing children *must* have to enjoy abounding vitality and robust health. Start serving them *to-day*. Obtainable from grocers and storekeepers everywhere.

Sanitarium HEALTH FOODS